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COMMENT OF THE DAY

STRIJDOM'S REPUBLIC

MR Johannes Strijdom, the South African Prime Minister, has been swept back into power. The main issue at stake was Mr Strijdom's racial policy of total segregation and in this he has been supported by the country.

But there was another issue — that of establishing a republic. Only under a republic, Mr Strijdom proclaimed, could the Dutch and the English-speaking communities become truly united. But the trouble with his Nationalists is that they went on their own terms alone.

The issue that divides South Africa today transcends the question of a republic. The two political outlooks are in conflict and they are quite alien to each other. Under pressure from their racial bigotry the Nationalists are being forced into a totalitarian mould. The South Africans who call themselves British fear domination by a Nationalist majority who would impose their standards upon them.

Embattled in their sense of righteousness, the Nationalists are prepared to sacrifice freedom of the Press, the courts and even religious liberty to build up a state founded on intense fear of the black millions whom they believe must be kept in permanent subjection.

And while many English-speaking South Africans and the heirs of Smuts and Botha share the racial prejudices of the Nationalists, they are not prepared to pursue them with such fanaticism. They do not deny all hope, however distant, of a saner regulation of race relations. It now seems that Mr Strijdom's policy has succeeded so there is a distinct possibility that South Africa will become even more isolated from the rest of the Commonwealth.

India remains a member of the British Commonwealth although a republic, but a Nationalist South Africa might find it more difficult to remain in the fold. In the old Cape Colony of Cecil Rhodes' day British policy was expressed in the slogan "equal rights for all civilised men." It is tragic to think that today this view is equated with Communism and treason in the minds of fanatical Nationalists.

But South Africa's racial problem will not be solved by forcing the country into a political straight jacket.

HOPES FOR SUMMIT TALKS

Diplomatic Meeting In Moscow May Pave Way

London, Apr. 18. Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer called jointly for an East-West summit conference today and expressed the hope that the diplomatic discussions in Moscow would pave the way for it.

South African Republic In Offing

Pretoria, Apr. 18. Mr Johannes Strijdom, the South African Prime Minister, said here today that a republic of South Africa was much nearer than the United (opposition) Party realised. He said that if the National Party, which had just increased its majority over the opposition in Parliament, continued to grow as it was growing the public could not be far off. Mr Strijdom was addressing several thousand cheering students of Pretoria University, who chanted "Republic, Republic" after he had spoken. Earlier the students had marched to a street in the centre of the city to pay tribute to Mr Strijdom who said the way to the National Party in the election this week "must have made a tremendous impression on everyone."—Reuter.

US Sergeant Fined For Assault

Seoul, Apr. 18. A United States Army special court martial today found Master Sergeant Robert Woldenski guilty of assaulting an 18-year-old South Korean boy and confining him in a wooden box. He was fined \$120, to be paid in a period of three months.—Reuter.

Prague, Apr. 18. Czechoslovakia today expelled an American diplomat, Mr Joseph Jacey, on charges of spying.—Reuter.

ROK Airman Under Investigation

Seoul, Apr. 18. The rebellious ROK Air Force captain who unsuccessfully attempted to hijack a South Korean C-46 transport plane last week had planned to defect to North Korea for nearly a month, it was officially disclosed. A ROK Air Force spokesman, however, said investigators so far failed to determine whether Capt. Choi Jung Il was instigated by the Communists or if he acted on his own idea. Air Force investigators will continue their efforts to track down possible Communist connections with the April 10 incident, he added.

The bold attempt of Capt. Choi ended in failure when he was beaten unconscious by the four-man crew of the transport plane which was on a regular flight from Taegu to Seoul. During a mid-air scuffle, Choi armed with a service pistol, killed a radio operator and wounded two other crew members.

HIGHLIGHTS

According to the spokesman, highlights of the investigation results are as follows:

- ★ It took nearly 40 hours before Choi regained consciousness and was able to answer investigators' questions.
- ★ Choi had planned to defect to North Korea since the middle of March. He boarded the C-46 on April 10 for that purpose.
- ★ Choi is an "enthusiast" in the theories of Socialism for a long time.
- ★ He had been in mental agony because of his unfaithful wife. He was also in a desperate state of mind because he was heavily in debt.
- ★ Choi was officially primed twice during his 10-year service with the Air Force for misappropriation of official funds.
- ★ His mother is now living in Manchuria. Choi stated he wanted to go to North Korea in order to see her.
- ★ Choi in his attempt had intended to land the plane at Pyongyang, capital city of Communist North Korea.—United Press.

Other Points

- ★ The communiqué made these other points:
- ★ There can be no lasting settlement in Europe without the ending of the tension resulting from the partition of Germany.
- ★ They expressed "gratification" at the tentative settlement of the Anglo-German dispute.
- ★ They promised to work closely together for an "high and expanding level" of international trade.
- ★ They announced their support for the establishment of a European Free Trade area and their agreement that negotiations for it "ought to be brought as quickly as possible to a successful conclusion."—United Press.

Macmillan To Meet Leaders

London, Apr. 18. Mr Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister, today agreed to a joint meeting with transport chiefs and rail union leaders after hearing up-to-the-minute reports on pay crisis talks between the two sides.

A statement from 10 Downing Street tonight said the Prime Minister agreed to the meeting after talks with Mr Harold Wilson, Minister of Transport, and Sir Brian Robertson, Chairman of the British Transport Commission. The meeting—believed to be unique in the history of British industrial disputes—is expected to be held next Tuesday.—Reuter.

TWO NEW ANGLES WORRYING LANCASHIRE MILLS

Manchester, Apr. 18. Lancashire trade leaders are letting out no secrets when they meet representatives of the Indian and Pakistan textile industries in London early next month.

For three hours in Manchester today they discussed the situation with Sir Frank Lee, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, following his mission to the East. Sir Frank briefed the Cotton Board and members of the Lancashire team as to the attitude they must expect to encounter not only in the London talks but if subsequent discussions take place with Hongkong mill interests.

Two fresh angles of this complicated problem were brought out at the meeting although no official statement was issued by the Cotton Board. British traders are showing increasing anxiety about the mounting imports of madcap garments from Hongkong and with better textile finishing introduced in the Colony there are fears that this type of trade will supplant grey cloth imports if restrictions on shipments to Britain are finally agreed.

Another point raised by Lancashire traders is that an overall ceiling on imports would not preclude the possibility of particular sections of the industry being adversely affected by a sudden influx of goods from abroad concentrating on one special type of cloth.—Reuter.

BOMBINGS ROCK CYPRUS

Nicosia, Apr. 18. A series of bomb explosions echoed through Cyprus today amid warnings by officials that the extremist organisation EOKA was intensifying its campaign. Three bombs went off in the Nicosia area of Famagusta, causing extensive damage. Five persons were injured, but no deaths were reported. The North Cyprus village of Trifon and a forestry tractor was damaged by an explosion in the Southwest Cyprus village of Stellas. No casualties were reported. EOKA broke a one-week silence today by issuing a leaflet ordering Cypriots not to buy British cars and tyres.

The leaflet, signed by "Digenis", believed to be George Grivas, EOKA leader, also ordered a boycott of British agricultural tools and machines. The leaflet also ordered a ban on the purchase of Army surplus vehicles. "Support the country which supports our struggle, not those which keep us slaves."—United Press.

Indonesian Rebels Concede Fall Of Capital

Singapore, Apr. 18. A spokesman for the Indonesian rebel government conceded tonight the fall of the rebel capital, Bikittinggi, was "inevitable." He said the revolutionary movement now had only one choice: To fall back onto guerrilla warfare in the hills and jungles.

A rebel spokesman told United Press, Correspondent Wendell Merick in Bikittinggi, the regime was not "shocked" and the rebels had not fought better in the face of Padang invasion by government forces. Conceding loss of Padang for the first time, rebel reports coincided almost word for word with the Djakarta government communiqué that the vital coastal city had been taken against token opposition.

The spokesman said rebel forces and partisans, totalling about two battalions, had fallen back about five miles northeast of Padang and were now "consolidating." But he made clear that all pretence of formal warfare has now ended.

Indonesian Vice Premier Harli said today a "political arrangement" should be reached in Indonesia after the central Sumatran rebellion was crushed. His news agency reported.

Dr Harli was commenting on Indonesian Foreign Minister Subandrio's statement in Hongkong early this week that Dr Mohammad Hatta, the former Vice-President, would possibly be given an official post in a re-organisation of the Government after the Padang rebels were defeated, the agency said.—United Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapiet" RACE 1

Orange Beauty
Attractive Power
So Big

Outsider:—Free Kick.
RACE 2

Sea Tigress
Black Friday
Passing Shot

Outsider:—Sure Goal.
RACE 3

Genghis Khan
Your Wish
Maytime

Outsider:—Carrie.
RACE 4

May Blossom
Rebel II
Ma Cherie

Outsider:—Tell-me-more.
RACE 5

Night People
As You Wish
Red Light

Outsider:—Bonita.
RACE 6

Gallant Knight
Another Victory
Supermaster

Outsider:—Diamond Lil.
RACE 7

Salome
Grace
Mona Lisa

Outsider:—Philippe's Pride.
RACE 8

Spinning Wheel
Orange King
Sunstroke

Outsider:—Marianne.
RACE 9

Ariel
Supersonic
Star of Stars

Outsider:—Top Speed.
RACE 10

Tomcat
Tonyee
Perfectibility

Outsider:—Gay Sir.
RACE 11

By "The Turf" RACE 1

Not So Bad
Orange Beauty
So Big

Outsider:—Free Kick.
RACE 2

Passing Shot
Wedding Bell
Black Friday

Outsider:—Sea Tigress.
RACE 3

Maytime
Genghis Khan
Your Wish

Outsider:—Ole.
RACE 4

May Blossom
Rebel II
Silver Dahlia

Outsider:—Tell-me-more.
RACE 5

Night People
As You Wish
Red Light

Outsider:—Permanent View.
RACE 6

Another Victory
Gallant Knight
Supermaster

Outsider:—Diamond Lil.
RACE 7

Salome
Grace
Mona Lisa

Outsider:—Grace.
RACE 8

Sunstroke
Orange King
Spinning Wheel

Outsider:—Marianne.
RACE 9

Ariel
Supersonic
Star of Stars

Outsider:—Top Speed.
RACE 10

Gay Sir
Winnit
Tonyee

Outsider:—Jethell.
RACE 11

The Turf's Progressive Places

Race 6—Another Victory; Race 7—Salome; Race 9—Ariel

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 9
This one could be a water spirit, and we don't mean Scotch.
Our Teaser Tip for the last race meeting, "Gentleman of Note" (John Halifax), was unplaced.

MIKE TODD'S ESTATE

New York, Apr. 18. Showman Mike Todd left half his estate, estimated at three to five million dollars (about £1,071,000 to £1,785,000 sterling), in trust to his widow, actress Elizabeth Taylor, it was revealed today.

The other half was bequeathed outright to his son by a previous marriage, Michael Todd.

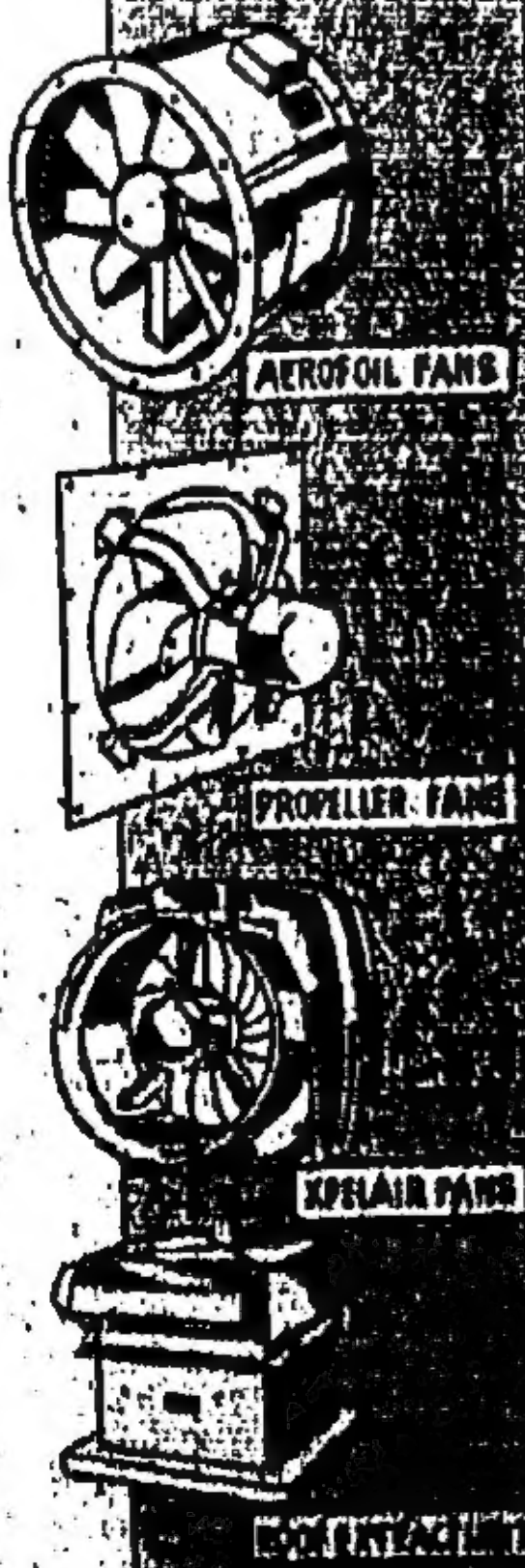
Junior, who was also named executor.
The will was filed for probate in the New York County Surrogate's Court today. Michael Todd and Miss Taylor were named trustees of the trust set up for Miss Taylor.
Todd was killed in a plane crash on March 22.—Reuter.

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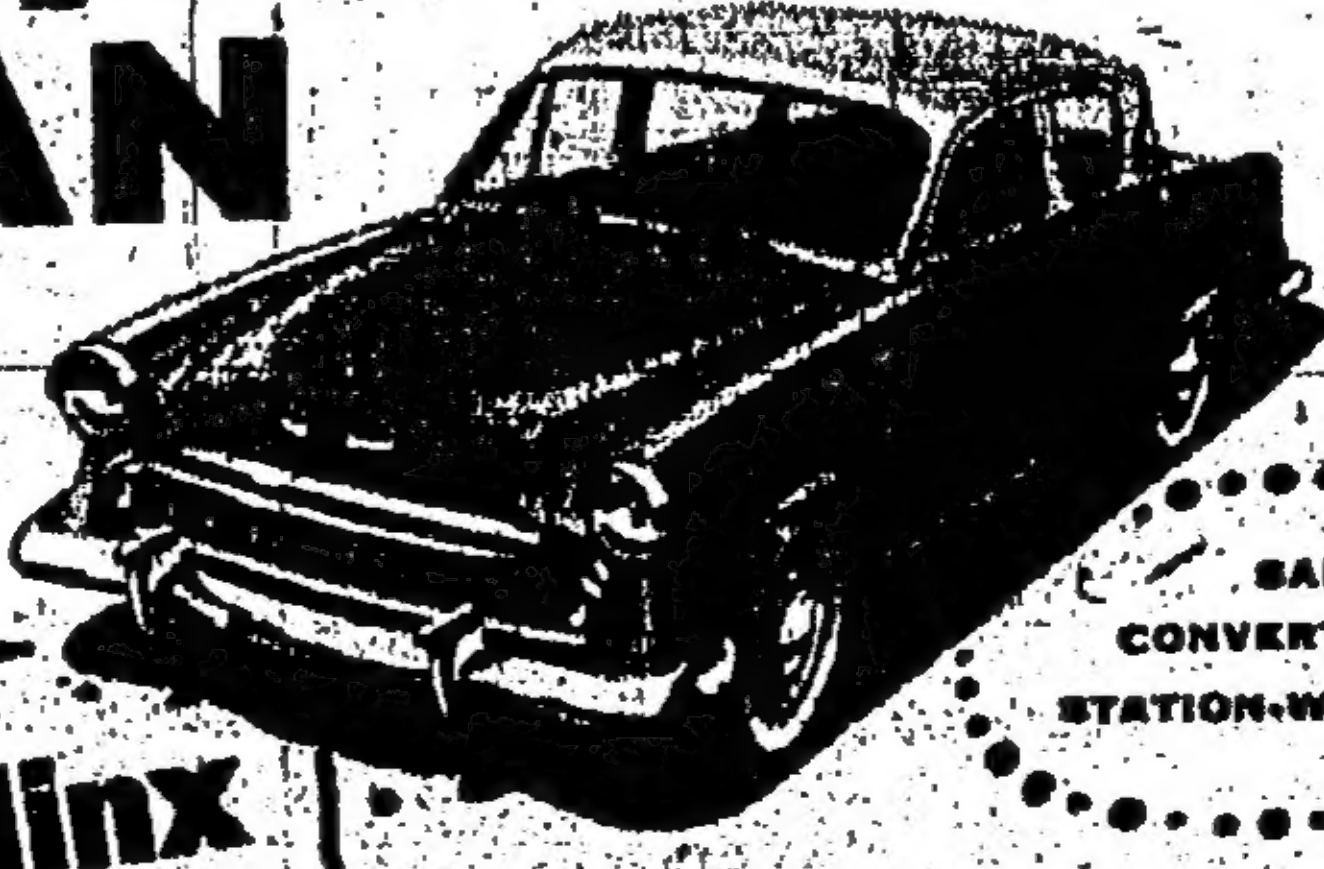
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Her Beauty Drove Men To Suicide

La Spezia.
A WOODEN statue of a woman of striking beauty may remain hidden to sight forever in a basement of the Naval Museum here in Italy.

Her beauty is dangerous. Over the past half century, two men fell madly in love with the statue and committed suicide because of her.

The more than life-size statue would make one of the finest exhibits in the Museum, due to open after the first time since the war. But thinking of what she did to people in the past, officials are in doubt whether to display her.

The story of the statue has been shrouded in mystery ever since she appeared in mid-Atlantic one day back in 1904.

The Italian frigate *Velocità* was cruising in the Atlantic on that day. Weather was good and the sea comparatively calm. All of a sudden, the man on watch duty saw what looked like a human body copping up and down in the waves.

Captain Aristofane Calmi took a quick look and sent out a signal to recover the "body."

What the sailors brought back was a wooden statue of a beautiful, stern-looking woman, draped in classical Greek garments which left her right bosom bare.

With her right hand she raised her dress just above her knee.

Sculpted on the wooden pedestal was the name "Atalanta," a Greek word which means "invulnerable" or "untouchable."

Old sailors said the statue once undoubtedly adorned the prow of some sailing vessel named *Atalanta*. But that was all anyone could find out. The nationality of the ship it came from, and its fate, have remained a mystery to date.

The sailors looked at the statue as if fascinated. During the return trip, some of the men would sit in front of the statue, gazing at her for hours.

Soon some of them became jealous of others. Quarrels started and Capt. Calmi eventually had the statue locked in a cabin to avert trouble.

The statue was placed in the Naval Museum in Genoa, then moved to La Spezia in 1897 for inclusion in a new Museum.

It was not until 1924 that the statue claimed its first victim. A guardian of the Museum committed suicide by drowning himself in one of the big docks of La Spezia Arsenal. Friends said he had been continually talking about *Atalanta* lately, and said the statue had "bewitched" him to the point that he had lost interest in anything else.

He spent hours and hours carefully dusting the statue and looking at her beautiful face.

Twenty years later, during World War Two German occupation of Italy, came victim number two.

Tall, handsome German Wehrmacht soldier Erich Kurtz had been placed in charge of the Museum exhibits, stored away in a warehouse. He fell in love with *Atalanta* even more desperately than the guardian had.

One day, Kurtz could no longer stand the temptation. He placed *Atalanta* on an army truck and carried her to his small tented room.

A few months later, Kurtz failed to report for work. His commander, fearing that he might have been killed by Italian partisans, sent military police to look for him.

They had not to go far. When they smashed the door of his tented room, they found the young blond soldier lying dead at the foot of the statue, a pistol bullet through his head. The statue looked enormous in the small room.

A note in Kurtz's simple, determined handwriting was clutched in his left hand. The note, now exhibit N. 2589 in the Naval Museum, read:

"Since no woman except you can give me the life of dreams, O Atalanta, I sacrifice my life to you."

Signed "Erich Kurtz, Oct. 13, 1944."—United Press.

BUT WHO IS SHE?

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FOUR GET THE CANE AT FAG-END SCHOOL

London.
THE "fag-end" revolt flared again last week after four boys were caught for putting NO SMOKING notices in the windows of Portsmouth Grammar School.

Trouble started when a cigarette-end thrown from a window fell on the head of a new master.

He found several prefects smoking. They were "de-capped"—removed from office. The upper school staged a protest, stamping their feet for the first time since the war.

Last week the headmaster told the boys: "Your prefects were not de-capped because they allowed others to smoke."

RIDICULOUS
But the 15-year-old leader of the protest group commented: "What a ridiculous thing to say. It just makes the punishment seem more harsh."

"We are intensifying our protests against individual masters as well as making a din during morning assembly."

At assembly one day last week, headmaster, Mr. Dennis Hilbert, stopped the pianist from the third verse of a hymn to tell the 600 pupils to "sing properly."

One boy said: "At first we only played up the new master. Now we are taking it out on the other masters. We have decided not to boycott the school play because members of the public would be there."

THEY SET OUT FOR FRANCE IN A ROWBOAT

Tadley.
TWO boys, aged 12 and 13, nervously awaited punishment for stealing a rowboat and setting out for France equipped with two compasses and a slingshot to "shoot game."

Thirteen-year-old Richard Cromber and his school chum Robert Edwards, 12, were brought back to this village from the Channel Port of Folkestone.

A freighter, picked them up as they drifted in choppy seas three miles from their starting-point after spending the night adrift and hungry.

HOPED TO ROW
They had hoped to row 28 miles to the nearest French beach—a trip that normally takes cross-channel steamers 14 hours with good weather and favourable tides.

It was the second time the boys had run away from their homes to seek adventure. The last time, two weeks ago, they got as far as Worthing, another coastal town, but returned after spending a cold night on the beach.

Richard and Robert set out from home one day hoping to find excitement and warmer weather in France. They found in Britain on the last day of winter.

They had only a few tatty bars to eat, but took along a slingshot. Robert said they planned to use it "to shoot game" when they landed in France.

That night, they "borrowed" a small rowing boat and started rowing. But as the British cliffs receded into the gloom the going got tough. The rowboat tossed wildly and shipped water, and the tide turned against them.

"We were not making any progress and seas were breaking all over the boat," Robert said. "We decided to return to Folkestone—but we couldn't."

EXHAUSTED
They finally fell asleep, exhausted, and slept until dawn.

Before long crewmen of the freighter Paul, spotted them, picked them up, and took them back to Folkestone.

Their fathers arrived there to take them home. Villagers were split over whether they should be punished—or praised for showing "the sort of spirit that won the Battle of Britain."—United Press.

THEY DATED A GHOST She Came In But She Didn't Turn Up For This Waiter

London.
THE three nights 45-year-old George Hesketh spent in a deserted country mansion were, said a judge last week GHOSTLY and GASTLY.

Parents Dare Not Repress Their Children

Bristol.
PARENTS of today dare not repress their children in case they get some kind of sex complex, veteran magistrate Sir Basil Henriques told a girl guide audience last week.

"Instead of the parents bringing up the children, the child rules the parents," he said.

There is a great danger of boys and girls losing their sense of responsibility for their own actions, Sir Basil said.

"There was a time when a sin was a sin. Today it is a complex," he said. "There was a time when a man and woman were free to choose their own life. Today they think they cannot help doing wrong!"—United Press.

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Their fathers arrived there to take them home. Villagers were split over whether they should be punished—or praised for showing "the sort of spirit that won the Battle of Britain."—United Press.

He heard—or thought he heard—supernatural noises. He saw—or thought he saw—ghosts.

It was a somewhat eerie experience, admitted Mr. Justice Salmon at Cardiff Assizes.

Hesketh had told the court that he tried to sleep in Bush House, Pembroke, because he could not find lodgings in the town. With him was his 25-year-old son.

THE TAPS
On the first night they saw a vision of a crinolined lady walking the gardens.

On the second night their paraffin lamp was turned down four times, and their coats were pulled from their shoulders.

On the third night strange tappings on the walls and windows finally drove them out.

The Heskeths of—Hesketh Street, Bewick, Manchester, had gone to Pembroke to work as floor layers on a new school.

From the mansion they moved into the school to sleep. Three nights later in darkness, the father fell down 11 steps and fractured his skull.

THE RATS
His claim for damages against the county council was dismissed.

The judge ruled that though he slept there by invitation of the clerk of works, he was not entitled to roam the unlit, dirty, and rat-infested building.

As he left court Hesketh said: "I didn't believe in ghosts but I do now."

Bush House, built 63 years ago on the site of a previous mansion destroyed by fire, was formerly the home of the Meyrick family.

Said Sir Thomas Meyrick, 67-year-old third baronet: "In 15 years there I never saw a ghost."

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He says that the large increase of incidents against the person—from 70 to 29 in the boys, and from 24 to 60 among the girls—was probably due to scenes and conversation on TV of brutality, fighting, and killing.

Incidents were grouped into seven types: against the person, against objects, noise, excitement or hot temper, disobedience or surliness, wandering, and indecency.

The first includes being out of bed at the wrong time; and "indecency" such as terms as "naughty" and "troublesome."

For 70 minutes I waited under dripping trees for the little of Bush Manor to come gliding through a bricked-up archway in an old stable. But she stood me up. At least, I think she did.

My blind date was the fiery, mischievous girl ghost who terrified a father and his 16-year-old son when they slept in the old mansion.

GARDEN PATH
When they saw her, they fled, and the father claims damages at the assizes for injuries he received running away.

The creeper-covered stable was black against the night sky when I tucked myself under a bush alongside the garden path she should have walked at midnight.

At 12 o'clock exactly a pair of barn owls hooted above my head like lamp-eyed heralds of the ghostly maid. Nothing happened. Back to the car for a drink of black coffee.

And a huge chunk of masonry came sailing through the air from nowhere and struck the roof as I was getting in. It was 12.16 a.m.

There was not a breath of wind in the trees. But the door slammed with a violence that rocked the car on its wheels. I jumped out and my feet crunched on gravel. Nobody could have crept up to the car without my hearing. . . . unless. . . .

But I do not believe in ghosts—even if she is supposed to have a Diana Dore figure.

40 MINUTES
For 40 minutes more I waited. No more bricks, no more slamming doors. I looked at my watch. It was 12.16 a.m. It had stopped when the chunk of masonry hit the roof just two hours after I had wound it.

And that watch has not stopped in 15 years. It's going fine now.

And the girl in the scarlet crinolined? I think she stood me up and went to haunt some other lucky fellow.

He even dyed his hair so that young girls could not see it had turned white. But he made some mistake, and turned it blue.

Mr. Burns, now living in a Coventry hotel, sought a divorce at Birmingham from his wife, Mrs. Annie Burns, of Binley Road, Coventry, on the ground of cruelty.

Dismissed
Mr. Justice Barnard dismissed the petition.

"One of the charges made against the wife is that she put peroxide in his hair-oil," said the judge.

"When you sort out the truth of the matter you find that his hair was old. Mrs. Burns dyed his hair blue by mistake."

His wife got something from the kitchen to bleach it, and he chills that cruelty."

The husband's first affair was with a young girl he met on holiday. The wife found a letter from her which said: "Now I await your arrival, my darling, in the hope of an evening of love."

Later the wife found another letter containing about 100 kisses and the phrase: "These are all for you, my darling."

There were other affairs. Once she found a photograph from a girl called Nan with an affectionate message on the back.

A husband on these terms with one woman had no cause to complain that he was bullied, or nagged, or rowed, said the judge.

The wife had not made any charges of cruelty against him, but simply denied his allegations.

The Strange Case Of A Man And A Baby

Rome.
TOP Italian surgeon Ettore Sacco, operating on a man who complained of stomach trouble, removed an embryo baby boy weighing 14 lb.

ONLY A BICYCLE WAS ALLOWED!

Mortlake.
The policeman who booked a 20-year-old secretary, Margery McKay, for riding her bicycle on the sidewalk, wasted his time.

Margery appeared in court and pleaded in her handbag, took out a slip of paper, and read aloud: "I'm afraid the section under which I have been summoned does not cover the offence."

Magistrates and law clerks leafed through their books and found, she was right. The law made it illegal for horses, sledges, carriages, automobiles and many other vehicles to travel on footpaths, but did not cover bikes.

Magistrate C. W. Barrell dismissed the case. Margery explained later that her dad was a retired police inspector.—United Press.

THEY WERE FAMILY MEN TOO!

London.
Mrs. Winifred Day, thinking she heard her husband's footsteps outside her bedroom.

"No, we're burglars," replied a cheerful voice.

The provokers kept Mrs. Day locked in her bedroom while they ransacked the house and stole more than £1,000 worth of jewels.

"You don't have to worry," they told her. "We're family men ourselves."—United Press.

GAY LOTHARIO DYED HIS HAIR BLUE

London.
SIXTY-YEAR-OLD Ernest Burns was a "Gay Lothario" who refused to grow old, said a divorce judge recently.

He seemed to spend most of his time having affairs with different women.

He even dyed his hair so that young girls could not see it had turned white. But he made some mistake, and turned it blue.

Mr. Burns, now living in a Coventry hotel, sought a divorce at Birmingham from his wife, Mrs. Annie Burns, of Binley Road, Coventry, on the ground of cruelty.

Dismissed
Mr. Justice Barnard dismissed the petition.

"One of the charges made against the wife is that she put peroxide in his hair-oil," said the judge.

"When you sort out the truth of the matter you find that his hair was old. Mrs. Burns dyed his hair blue by mistake."

His wife got something from the kitchen to bleach it, and he chills that cruelty."

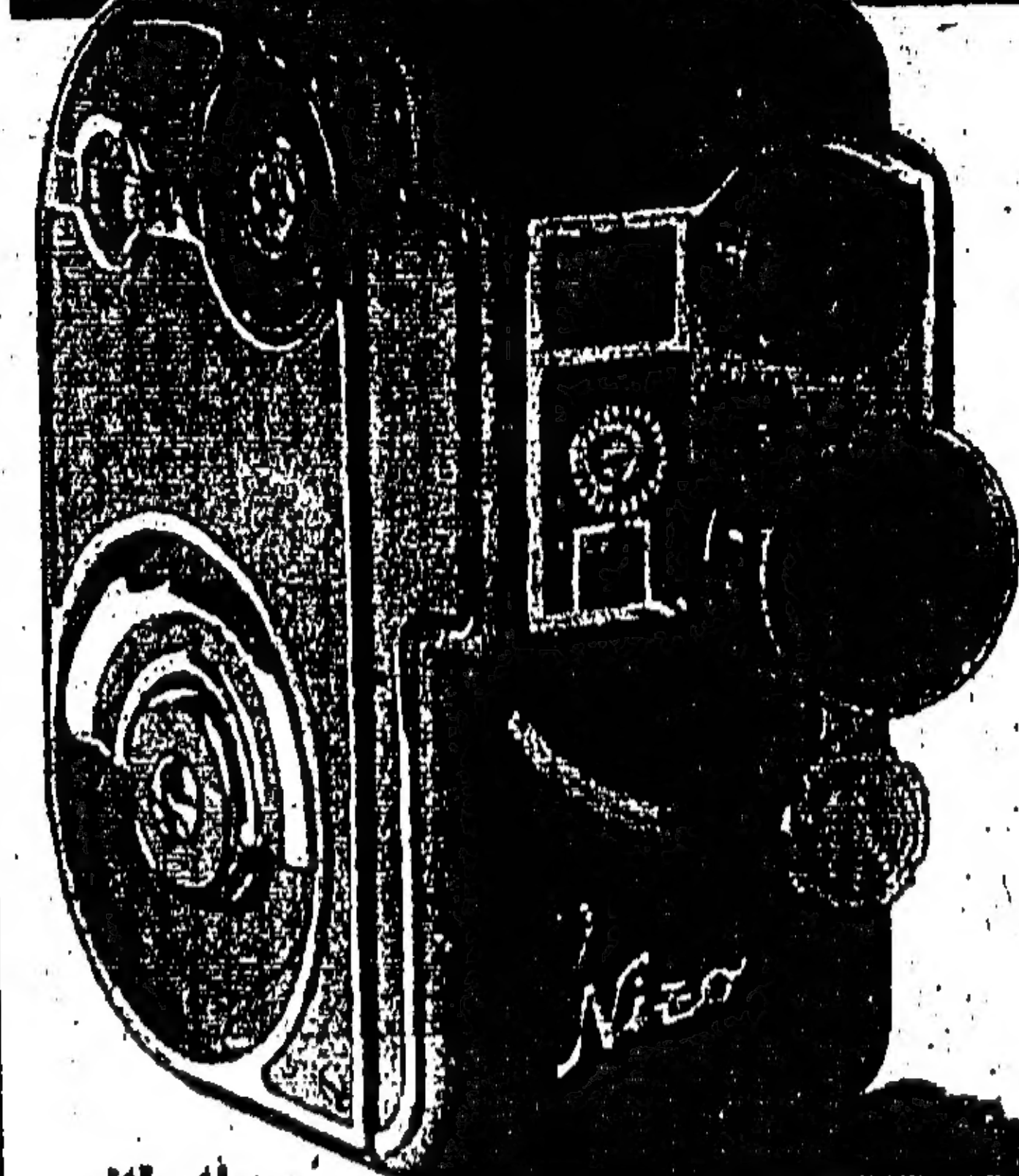
The husband's first affair was with a young girl he met on holiday. The wife found a letter from her which said: "Now I await your arrival, my darling, in the hope of an evening of love."

Later the wife found another letter containing about 100 kisses and the phrase: "These are all for you, my darling."

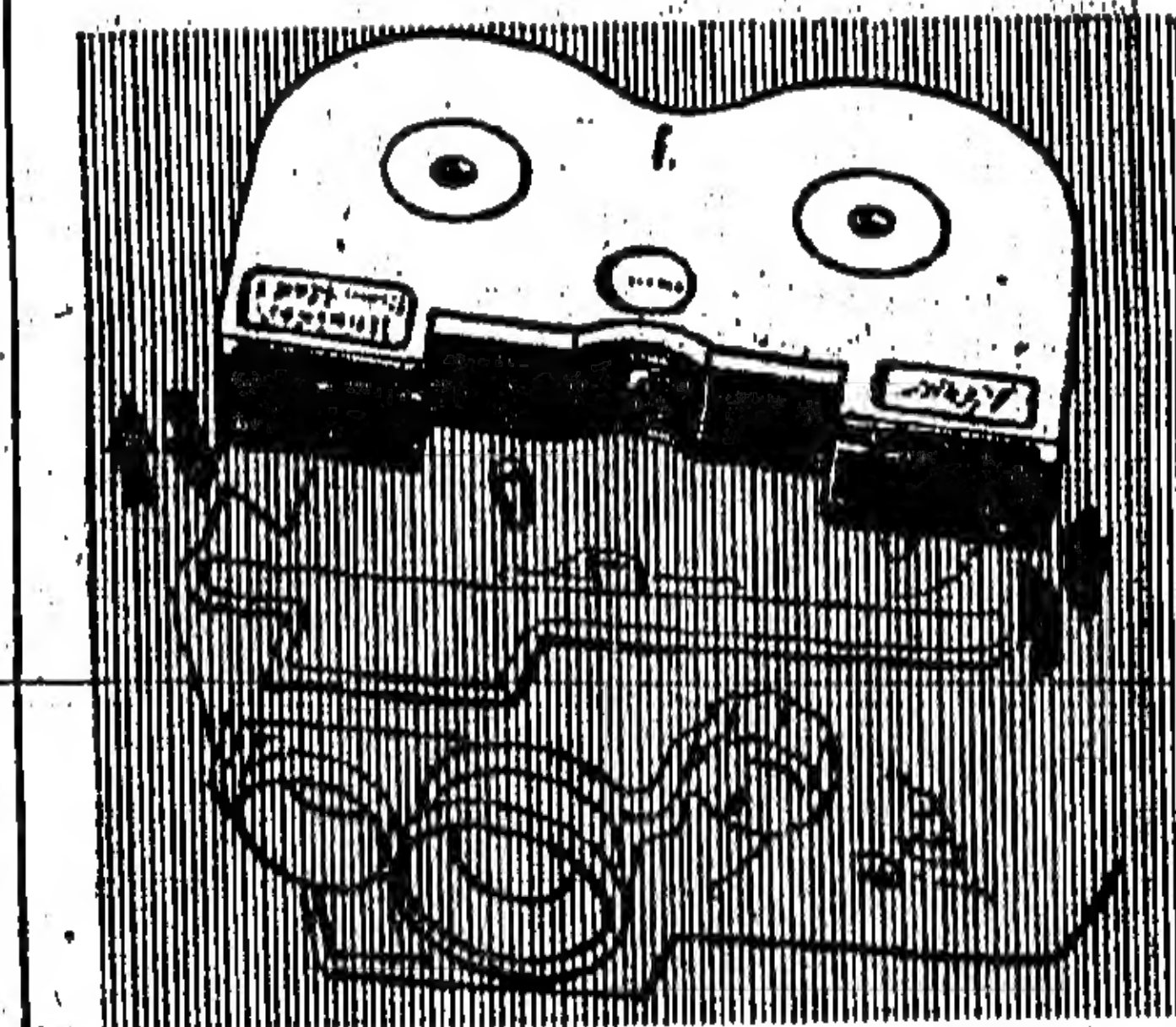
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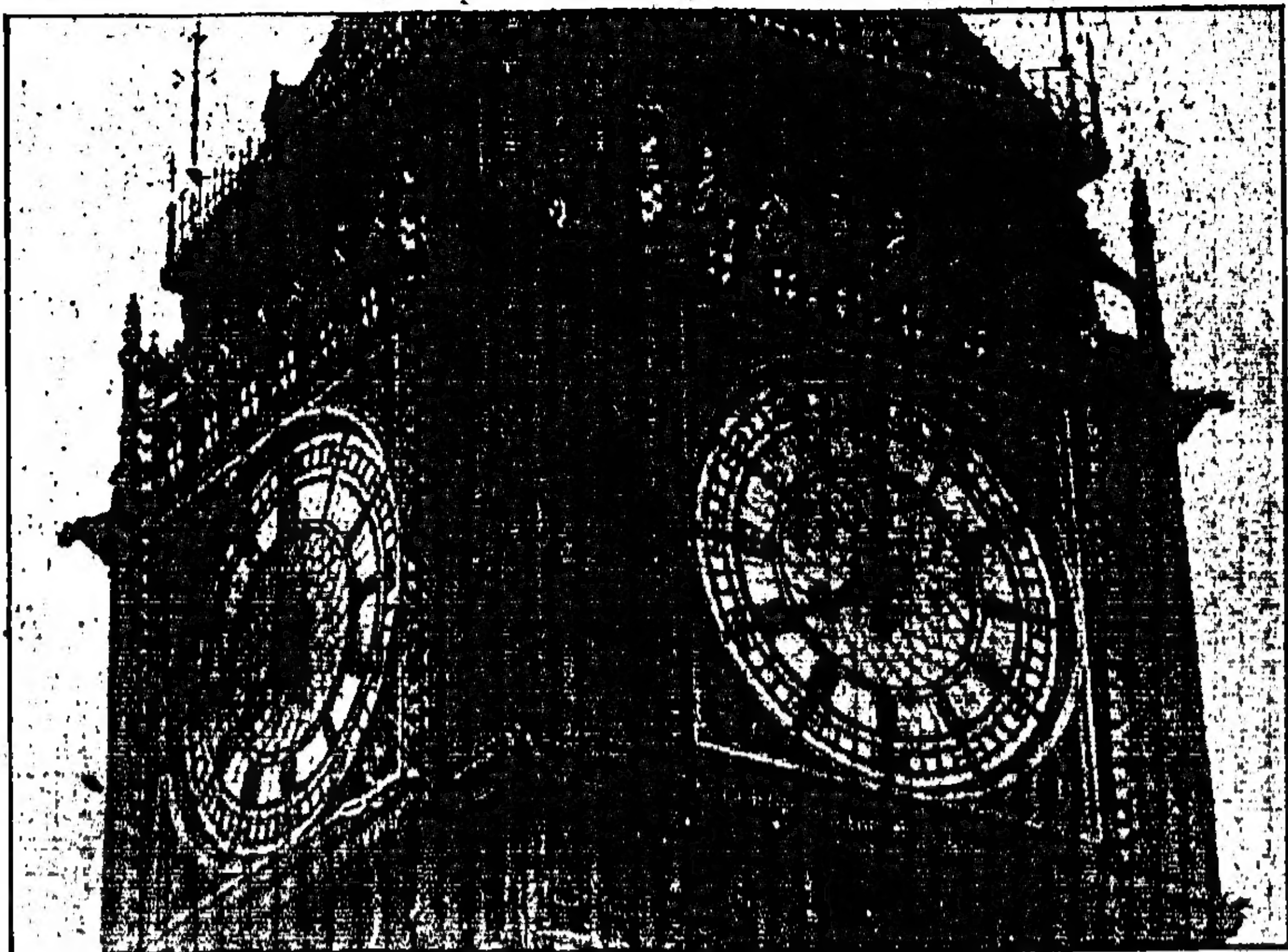
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Big Ben's 100th birthday. Its chime, a flattened E, was a symbol of freedom to Europe.

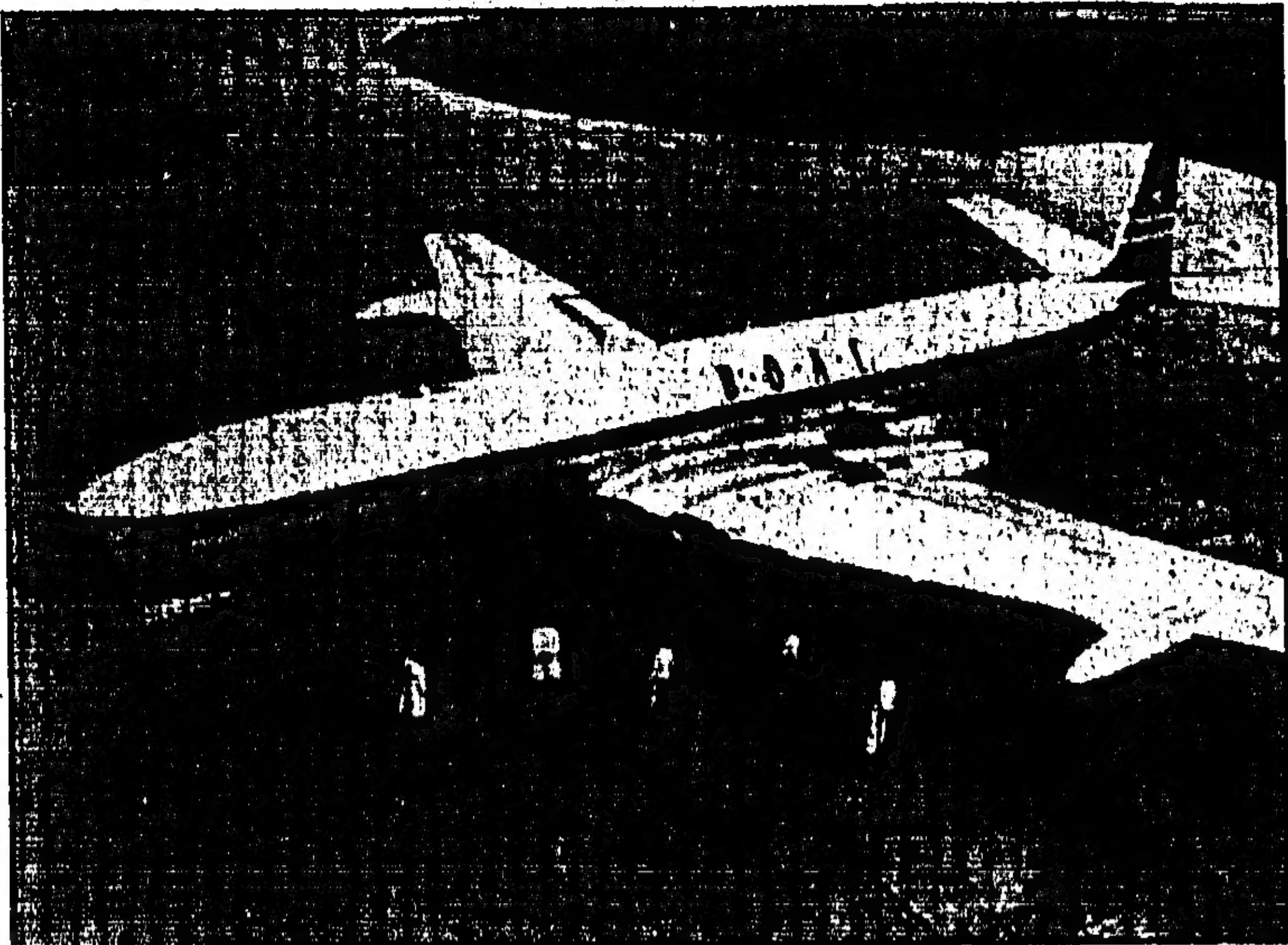


Helen Taylor, British drug addict, smashed into a chemist's shop to steal cocaine and morphine; cut herself on the glass; lay bleeding for hours; got 100 stitches in her stomach; pleaded guilty to breaking in . . . two years on probation.

Sandwich lunch during a break in the protest march to Aldermaston. Many babies and young children were taken along in their prams and push chairs on the march to "Ban the H-Bomb."

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill arrive home from France, disembark at London Airport.

EXPRESS



The first of 19 de Havilland Comet IV jet airliners ordered by BOAC rolls out of the assembly hall and is towed away for engine runs and fuel flow checks. Another six have been ordered by the Argentine Government.

Julie Andrews went to America an unknown, returns as the biggest theatrical hit for years and (star of "My Fair Lady") one of the best known voices in England.

Alec Guinness, who recently received by proxy the Hollywood Academy Award for his performance in "The Bridge on the River Kwai" is soon receiving in person an award by the Variety Club of Great Britain as "Best Film Actor of 1957." The beard goes with his current role in "The Horse's Mouth."

Three other award winners (below) from left, Heather Sears (voted most promising actress) Frankie Vaughan (show business personality of 1957) and Yvonne Mitchell (Best Actress).

EXPRESS



Billy Knight, Britain's hope in the Davis Cup, has been banned from several of the new season's big tournaments. He works for a firm which supplies the tennis balls.

EXPRESS



LEFT: Belinda Lee—British actress back to finish up her ill-starred film "No Moon by Night." The film has been constantly delayed by Miss Lee's "holidays" with Vatican Prince Filippo Orsini in Rome, and nearly sabotaged completely when the couple tried to commit suicide. Comment . . . "I'm longing to return to Italy."

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



NEWS FROM BRITAIN

Press Blood

I SHALL now shatter a classic rule of journalism by telling you a negative story.

No one nominated Mr Anthony Milward for the Chairmanship of the London Press Club this week.

Mr Milward, let me explain, is the Chief Executive of British European Airways, one of Britain's two state-run airlines. He is also the son of a needle-making family. And needed is precisely what Mr Anthony Milward has done to the bulk of newspapermen around Fleet Street.

Before the victims of the Munich air crash (several of them newspapermen travelling with the Manchester United team) had been buried, Mr Milward rushed into the correspondence columns of The Times to lash Fleet Street photographers with charges of intrusion and obstruction at the German hospital where survivors were being treated.

The picture conjured up by his complaint was of cancr-touting louts gate-crashing a hospital and harassing the medical staff while they were engaged in life-and-death work. Against every principle of British justice, this letter was taken as both charge and conviction. The result was a wholesale eruption of pious, prejudiced pip-squeaky directed against the British Press.

The protests of pressmen with first-hand knowledge of the affair were lost among the ululations of the holy willies demanding newspaper blood.

Nothing would do but that the matter go before the Press Council, the toothless institution of latter day journalism. (It can pronounce on Press ethics, but cannot enforce its opinions).

Well, the Press Council did take up the case. It heard the witnesses, including Mr Milward. And it completely exonerated the British Press.

Milward, it said, "was not aware of all the facts" when he made his complaint and "has given a wrong impression."

Significantly, too, the Press Council deplored the fact that "so many people assumed that Mr Milward's complaint in The Times was unanswerable and joined at once in blaming the Press, making no distinction between judgement and conviction."

Naturally enough, the Press expected an apology from Mr Milward. They waited in vain.

Milward refused to apologise and insisted that he stood by what he had charged in his letter to The Times.

Which is why, as we said at the outset, no one nominated Mr Anthony Milward for the Chairmanship of the London Press Club this week.

Interpretation

SUPPOSE you are a military intelligence officer. You learn that your hard-pressed enemy is evacuating a highly valued unit from a tough front line position to a place of safety.

You don't have to be a Monty to deduce that the enemy has doubts about his ability to hold that front line post and is moving out of his crutch troops to avoid capture or worse.

Something like this proposition prevailed in British politics this week. The Conservatives let it be known that one of their M.P.s, Sir Harry Foster, who is also Solicitor-General, was transferring from his marginal York constituency (majority 1,104) to snug Cities of London and Westminster (18,044).

Castles

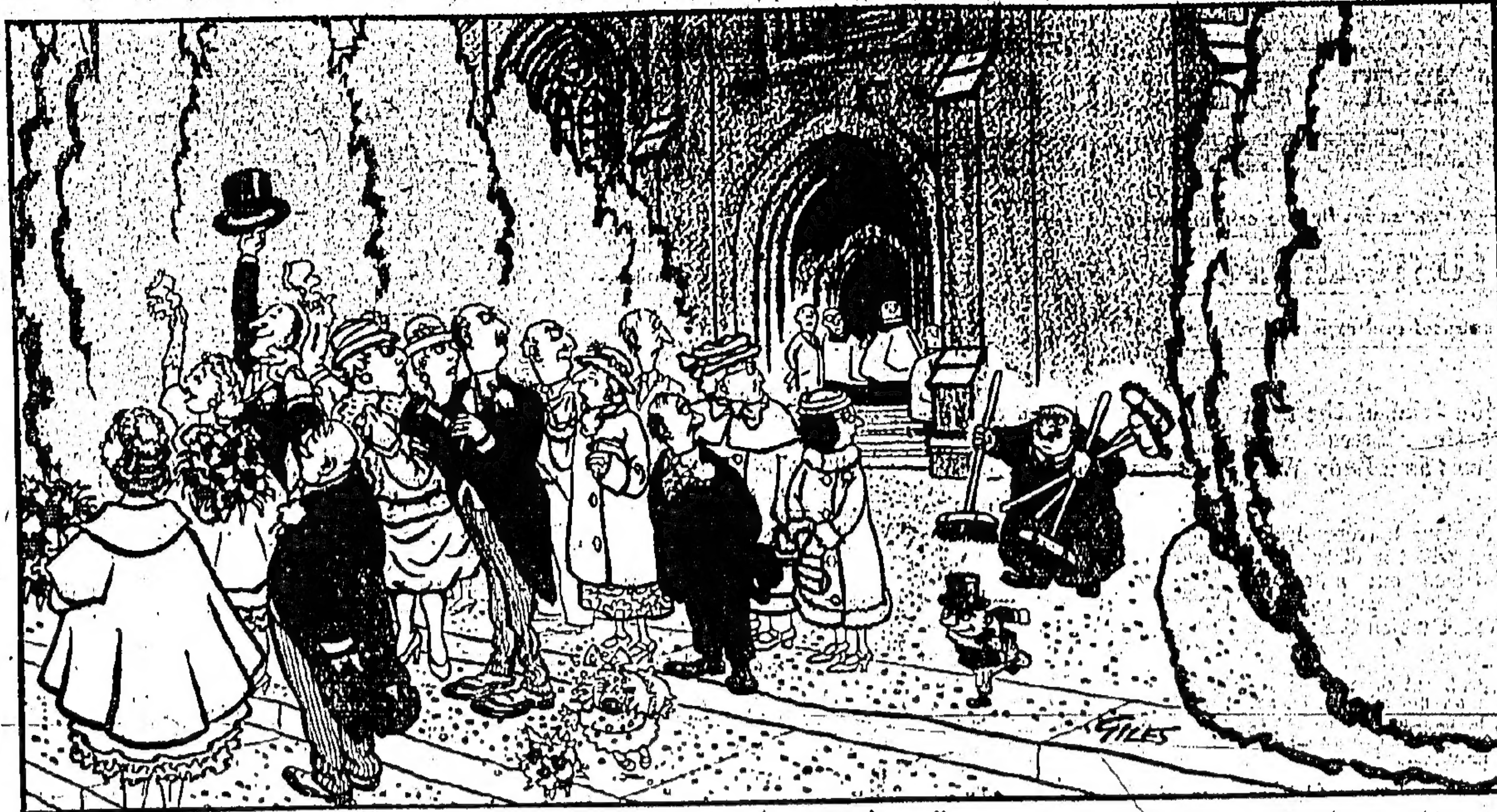
YOU can still find idealists who will assure you that "an Englishman's home is his castle." Even if his drawbridge is no more than a synthetic wood mass-produced door, once he slams it behind him, they say, he is monarch of what his surveys.

The above thought is inspired by a bout of soul-searching in the coast town of Haverley, where the local council is divided over a citizen's right to want a bit of privacy.

One of their tenants has asked permission to erect a higher-than-standard garden fence for privacy's sake. The request was rejected, one woman councillor snapping, "If people want more privacy they should buy a house of their own."

The tenant had the decision reversed on appeal, but now the whole affair has come back to the council for reconsideration. This spot of parish-imposed egalitarianism is highlighted by a similar fight in the new town of Stevenage. There, a bid is being made to stamp out house-wifely gossip—not always as charitable as it should be—by erecting high, white-painted fences between the gardens of council houses.

by PETER BURGONNE



"Here we are, litter bugs."

FROM RAGS TO RICHES:

He battled his way to the top—TWICE

By JOHN COTTRELL

IN 1924, a skinny 12-year-old boy went to a golf course to find work as a caddy and raise a few pennies to help pay the bills at home. Intending to ward off this fresh competition, the other caddies attacked him with sticks, challenged him to fight the biggest of their gang, and rolled him down a steep stony hill in a barrel.

The barrel smashed against rocks, and the boy's ribs were severely bruised. But he climbed back up the slope, won his fight—and the job he wanted.

That was the first of many golf-course victories for William Benjamin Hogan. In less than 30 years he was to become one of the greatest golfers of all time—come say the greatest—paid as much as \$250 just for playing an afternoon exhibition round.

Of all the men who have made their way from rags to riches, none has displayed more courage and determination than Hogan. There was no luck about his success. He had to fight every inch of the way from poverty to prosperity.

And when he had won his fortune, he had to fight an even greater battle—to save himself from becoming a permanent invalid.

Ben Hogan was born in 1912 in the small cattle-town of Dublin, Texas. His father, the town blacksmith and junk dealer, died nine years later leaving his family in near-poverty.

For two years the boy sold newspapers after school, often working on the streets until after midnight.

Then, on hearing that caddies could earn 65 cents a round, he made his memorable first visit to a golf course near Fort Worth.

"Battling Ben", the other caddies called him, and he has lived up to that nickname ever since.

At that time the caddies played a game called "shag" in which they lined up and hit golf balls as far as possible. The one with the shortest drive had to retrieve all the balls.

Collecting balls often took up valuable time which could be spent caddying. Ben just couldn't afford to drive short. So in the evenings he would practise for hours, hitting golf balls with a rusty left-handed driver.

Grocery Green

Eventually, the club professional gave Ben some free coaching and made him change to a right-handed club. From then on, he was a golf addict.

He would practise his strokes on the lawn at home until there was scarcely any lawn left. Whenever his mother sent him to the nearby grocery store, he would play golf there and back, sometimes chipping from the lawn to the next just sometimes hitting a powerful iron shot over several lawns.

At 14, Ben tied for first place in a caddy tournament and at 16, although he had never won an amateur title, he became a professional.

Between 1931 and 1939, Hogan won only one tournament. Many times he found himself without money, once he had to write a friend for funds to pay his fare home after a golf match.

Persuaded

On the day of that tournament, Ben went to fetch his dilapidated car which he had parked in a side street. He found it resting on the rims of its wheels. Someone had stolen the tyres overnight.

The harassed Hogan was prepared to admit defeat. But his wife, Valerie, would have none of it. She persuaded him to play in the tournament as planned.

He did—and won 380 dollars. With slavish practice and the constant encouragement of his wife, Hogan's game gradually improved until, in 1940, he became the top money-earner in American golf, ending the year with \$10,000 in prize-money.

His most astonishing performance that year was at Asheville, North Carolina, where he won the "Land of Sky" Open Championship. Incredibly, Hogan played 216 holes in 34 under par. He broke 70 no less than ten times in twelve rounds, averaging a little better than 11 under par.

In the next two years, the former caddy earned well over \$35,000 in tournaments. He became known as "Mr Golf".

After war service in the Army Air Corps, Hogan regained that title by winning \$42,500 in 1946. In 1947 he won the All-American Tournament of Champions and led the United States Ryder Cup team against Britain.

In 1948 he won no less than eight Open Championships, including, for the first time, the American Open. His gross income that year was more than \$32,000.

The blacksmith's son had made his fortune. He never needed to worry about money again. Yet his troubles were far from being over.

In 1949, triumph was followed by tragedy. Ben Hogan was driving at 10 miles an hour through heavy fog when his beautiful new Cadillac was hit head-on by a ten-ton bus.

travelling at speed on the wrong side of the road. Hogan threw himself in front of the bus. His wife was seated next to him. It was a move that saved his life. When the car was found, Ben would not be able to

steering wheel was buried deep in the driving seat.

Mrs Hogan was only badly bruised in the accident. Ben was at first thought to be dead.

For eight weeks he lay in hospital with a fractured pelvis and ankle, a broken collar-bone and several smashed ribs. He was encased in plaster from his chest to his knees.

Doctors said he would never play golf again. Later, when a blood clot moved up from his left leg and reached his lungs, they doubted whether he would even walk again.

But "Battling Ben" had other ideas. As soon as he could sit up in bed, he was practising his putting and exercising his fingers to strengthen his grip. Suffering terrible pain, he spent many weeks learning to walk again.

Eight months after his crash, Hogan travelled to England as non-playing captain of the U.S. Ryder Cup team. A year after the accident, he played in a major tournament, tying for first place with Sam Snead.

Ben was much too weak to win the deciding replay. But five months later, still in agony with leg cramp, he recaptured the American Open Championship, and went on to win every major golf tournament in the States.

Back On Top

His greatest triumph came in 1953, when he won the U.S. Open for the fourth time and became the first American to win the British Open Championship at his first attempt. He also became the first man to play Scotland's 400-year-old Carnoustie course in under 70 strokes—and he did it with his first round.

That was the climax to the Ben Hogan story. On returning to the United States, he was paraded through New York and congratulated by President Eisenhower in person.

But it was not by any means the end of his fabulous success. In 1955, he tied for first place in the American Open, losing the play-off, and in 1956, at the age of 44, garlanded by Sam Snead, he won the world's most coveted golfing trophy, the Claret Cup.

Hogan does not play so often nowadays. He has arthritis in the shoulder, a legacy of that terrible car crash. Some people go so far as to say that, for the first time in his life, he has lost interest in the game.

When Hogan does decide to retire permanently, he will do so as a very rich man. Apart from the fortune he has made out of golf, he has been estimated that he will receive altogether about £80,000 in compensation for his injuries.

He could have been even richer, but for his rigid code of honesty. Once he found his back of about half a million dollars by accepting a proposition that Ben Hogan Schools of Golf should be opened all over the United States, and

Ben would not be able to



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We cannot mention their names, or show pictures of them. It would not be fitting to do so, for they include royalty, the heads of states, great service commanders. But we invite you to look carefully at the next pictures that you see of them, at their wrists as well as their faces and clothes. You will notice that in almost every case they wear a wrist-watch. That watch will most likely have been made by Rolex of Geneva.

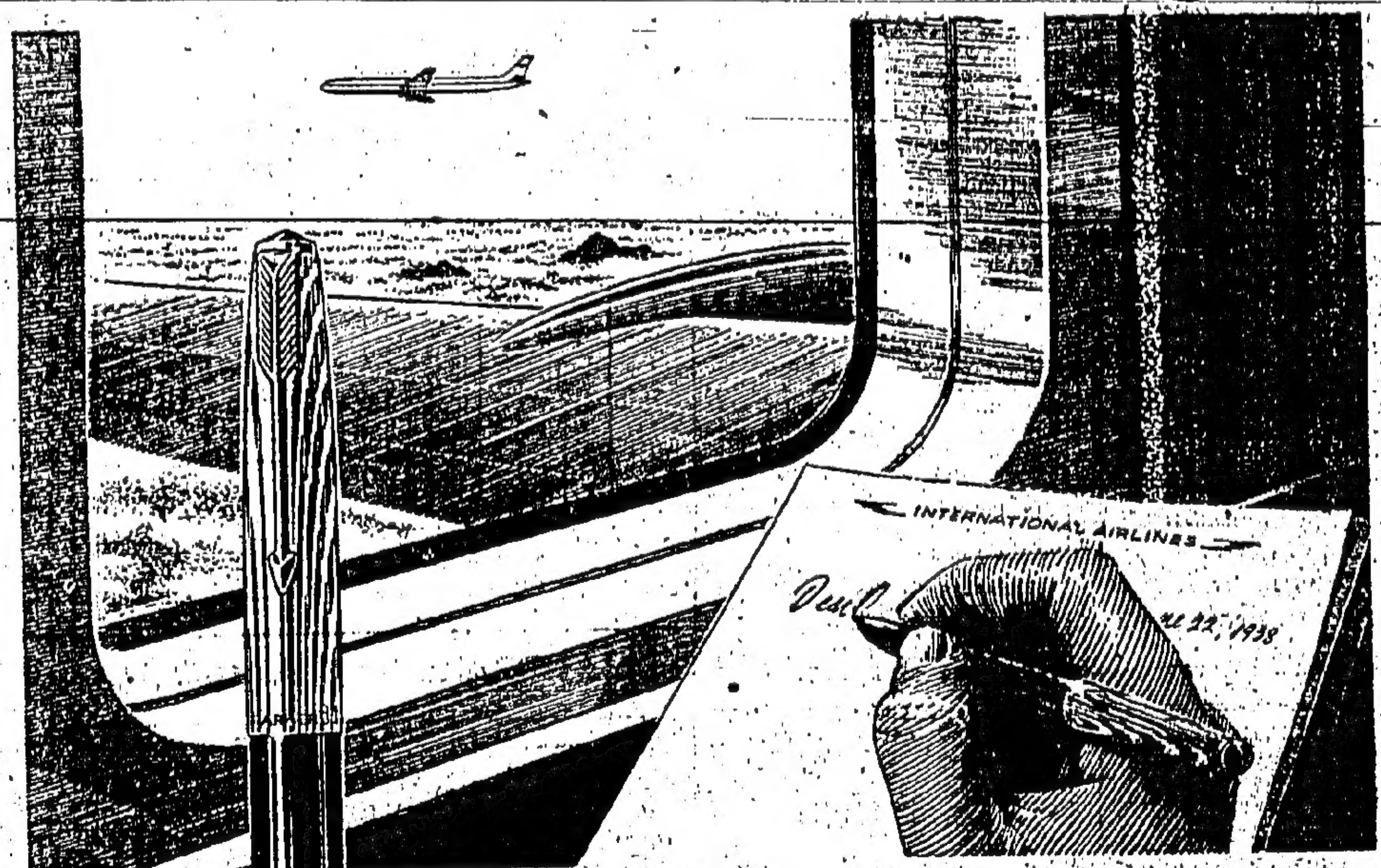
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AH! THE HOLIDAY...



What a joy it is to hang the door on the daily round, the familiar scene...



...to savour the novelty of Continental plumbing...



...to experience the pleasures of a totally different diet...



...to adventure with a foreign pharmacy...



...to appreciate the piquancy of not needing heating in April, on the Mediterranean shore...



But, oh! What greater joy to reopen the door of one's daily round—with its English plumbing, stodgy cooking, English heating, the dear old medicine cupboard and all!

by CUMMINGS

"Why am I here?"
 "You are here for one of the three following reasons: either you have asked us to treat you, because you feel that it is necessary. This is called 'Free Service' and you may ask for your release at any time.
 "Or you are here because a doctor or a member of your family has asked us to treat you in your own interest: This is called 'Voluntary Confinement' and it is up to the chief doctor here to determine your release.
 "Or you are here because you have been brought here by the police in the interest of yourself and society. This is called 'Official Confinement' and the Prefect of Police determines your release after consultation with the chief doctor."

THE above is a very short extract from a 14-page booklet which is handed to every mentally sick patient who enters the ever-open gates of the Ville Evrard Psychiatric Hospital on the outskirts of Paris.

On the cover of the book is the patient's name—printed by the hospital's own printing press—a press that is manned entirely by mental patients under the supervision of one male nurse. The cover of the rose-coloured booklet reads: "This has been specially printed for Monsieur X by his comrades at the hospital who wish him Welcome, Courage and Get Well Soon."

I went along to Ville Evrard this week after

reading a report made recently by the World Health Organisation. This is what the report had to say:

"Ten years ago in Ville Evrard, France, the average stay of (mental) patients before discharge was over one year. Now it is four months. This hospital, which in 1948 had 550 beds and admitted 100 new patients a year, now has only 270 beds but gives care to 600 new patients a year and the percentage of patients that must be kept indefinitely has gone down from 50 per cent to 7 per cent."

Freedom

In those few words, coldly written in an international organisation's report, lies a success story rarely to be found in the annals of medical history. The man responsible for it all is suave, bespectacled 51-year-old Dr Paul Sivodon.

"It has been a very hard fight, up-hill most of the time," he told me. "I wanted to show France that one can cure derangements of the mind through humane methods."

He described these methods to me. If a "lunatic" is brought into his hospital by the police, for instance, and is wearing a strait-jacket, it is immediately removed and the patient is made to feel that the last thing he should wear is something that imprisons him. This is the first stage in making the patient feel at home, as it were. Generally this move to give freedom works wonders. The patient relaxes, no longer the caged animal that he was a few moments before.

He is then, given the booklet which I have already mentioned. However sick he is, he feels that he is in possession of some-

PSYCHIATRY And No BARS

By JOHN IZBICKI, China Mail Special Writer in Paris

thing, that he is trusted to own a document. In this booklet he finds the reasons why he is in a hospital, what sort of a hospital it is, who his doctors are, the names of his nurses, when he can receive visitors and, above all, he discovers that he is at liberty to breathe the fresh air of nature and is not locked up in a cell with bars.

The way back

After observation and treatment he is put through various courses to rehabilitate him for the outside world, a world which, day by day, moves nearer to him.

In the first class (an airy gymnasium) an instructor had grouped around him a semi-circle of sitting patients. The patients had only arrived there recently. Each represented a desperate case of hypochondria, schizophrenia or sexual mania. They sat there dumb and powerless, unconscious of anything around them, including each other.

The instructor threw a football to each of them in turn. They were to throw the ball back to him. Some did this readily enough. Others let the ball roll to the ground, unable even to hold it. I spent half an hour watching the instructor persevering in his task. Soon even the most unconscious of the patients was making an attempt to return the ball.

"This is the first stage," explained Dr Sivodon. "The patient must be re-taught the sense of touch. He must learn what it is like to feel an object. After a while, two balls will be used. As the instructor throws one to the patient, the patient throws another to the instructor."

Their Art

There are art classes, sculpture, woodwork, gardening, etc. I spoke with one patient. He had been at the hospital just a little over three months. He had arrived as a violent schizophrenic, a man who was obsessed with the notion that he was a prince, but that no one loved him.

Now here was this man, a six-footer of 84 years, producing paintings and sculpting masks. He had never before touched a paintbrush or a piece of clay in his life. Yet there

was a great style in his power of imagination.

The features were negroid—flat nose, thick lips. The lips were parted slightly in every case and, also in every case, the slanting eyes were closed. I asked the patient whether he liked producing these masks.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But it is very difficult to do, you know. I cannot open the eyes yet, but I shall one day."

"He is making very good progress," Dr Sivodon said as we moved on.

Mademoiselle Tournaud proved to be popular among all the patients. She stopped to chat with each one of them. They came to her to shake hands and have a laugh. Mademoiselle Suzanne Tournaud is in charge of the psychology section of the hospital.

"I have been here for ten years," she told me, "ever since this hospital opened. Now I feel it is hard to leave. We enjoy our work so much, and, you know, a lot of the patients come back and ask for the doctor who treated them when they were sick. Just to have a little chat. They think of all the things that little book we give them when they come in. It is sometimes their most treasured possession."

Diabolos

I saw the printing press where patients produce their own magazine. I read a copy and could not believe that the writers were any more abnormal than you or I. In the work class I was surprised to see patients using sharp tools.

"I can see what you are thinking," Dr Sivodon laughed. "But they do not injure themselves. Oh yes, they are all in an advanced or reasonably advanced stage of insanity. Yet they feel that they have a responsible task to perform and these are their tools. If they wanted to cut their veins, they would go and search for something quite different, but they would never use the tools with which they have been trusted."

There is a bar and a wonderful canteen. In the bar (a proper bar with high stools and little tables) one can buy coffee, tea, minerals and a curious drink called "Diabolos," for 20 francs each (4d.).

"It is the only place where they need to spend money," I was told. "It gives them the sense of handling coins and makes them feel important."

The alcoholics drink Diabolos (a harmless mineral) mixed with a dash of lemon, because it looks similar to Perrier, a strong liquor. In the canteen, the alcoholics are given a large bottle of mineral water with their meals. The others get half a glass of wine. This gives the alcoholics a sense that he has more than the others and can even offer a glass to his "unfortunate" friends.

The wards or dormitories are not like barracks, affording that one finds in the old-fashioned mental homes. Each bed is surrounded by a little garden

or curtain. The patient has his own wardrobe, his own bookshelf. This is perhaps the biggest revolution in the case.

All the doors are open. Any patient may leave or "escape" if he wishes to do so, but he never does. He knows he is there to be helped and submits readily to the treatment. There are no bars to the windows. Doctors, nurses and patients are on Christian-name terms with one another. The whole makes a friendly, homely, informal atmosphere.

The way out

After the patient is well enough to be released, the hospital helps him find a job, and, during the first three months of his earning, time he is able to live FREE OF CHARGE at the hospital's excellent, modern, recently-established hotel some four miles from the actual hospital.

Now look at some of the statistics. At Dr Sivodon's hospital there are at present: One Chief Doctor, 2 assistants, 9 interns (student doctors), 1 psychiatrist, 1 physiotherapist, 20 re-education monitors and 100 nurses.

This is a total of 134 staff. The number of patients: 250.

In the surrounding hospitals, one doctor and one assistant with a handful of nurses look after 500 patients.

The average stay of a patient in 1958 was 300 days. Today the average stay has fallen to about 130 days. It is a record of which Dr Sivodon may well be proud. Eighty per cent of his cases are released fully cured, while another ten per cent are transferred into family care (i.e., partially cured); about eight per cent are chronic cases and only 1.5 have died in the past year.

On the night that Nelson lost his nerve

AS the year grows colder the wild things get more sluggish and like to wait until the sun has warmed the day up a bit before starting the desperate search for food to keep them alive.

How do I know? Because, all the year round, I see two dawns out of three, whether the sun comes up like a ball of fire or is shrouded by dripping grey clouds.

For thousands of years poets have sung the glory of the coming day, and they'll continue to do so as long as the human race endures. But my reason—although I love the dawn as the best part of the day—is more prosaic.

My restless imagination used to give me insomnia until, some years ago, I worked straight through for 24 hours and then slept without stirring for 12.

My insomnia vanished when I started this routine regularly, 28 hours up (not all of them working-hours) and ten to bed.

And I estimate that this timetable gains me two hours in the

UP COUNTRY—by THURLOW CRAIG

24 that would otherwise be wasted in sleep—a clear gain of a month's life in every year.

One night, quite early, the owls were out in force, hooting and hunting, which indicates that even on cold nights there are mice about.

At about bedtime Nelson the zatter was called in, so up the drive sauntered that exasperating little cat, taking his time as cats will.

But suddenly a silent, shape of ghostly white swooped down from the stable weathercock and alighted over Nelson, almost brushing him.

As the kitten got into top gear with a frantic screech and slammed the clutch in, the great barn owl zoomed up to a perch on top of the walnut tree.

Nelson streaked to safety with a tail like a fluo-brush and his nose deathly pale, while the owl gave a short hoot of indulgent decision and flew away on silent wings.

There are some who maintain that a sense of humour is limited to the human animal,

but the longer I live around fur and feather the less I believe it.

Up to that point the sky had been clear. The lights from isolated farms and small-holdings up and down the valley blinked out one by one, until mine alone glowed in futile competition with the stars and a bright half moon.

I heard the rhythmic wing-beat of a pair of swans flying along the river and wondered what had put them up, wishing they wouldn't fly by night because accidents have been known to happen. Some time ago, on a pitch-black night, a couple landed on the rain-water road, doubtless mistaking it for a nearby canal.

They left a long trail of feathers on the road and were seen next day waddling grumpily down to the canal. For the rest of the year, it is said, they stuck to swimming.

Died away...

Slowly the powerful wing-beats died away, and, soon I heard a little wind moan up the valley, soft but menacing. Then the owls fell silent and the moon clouded over, no more to appear that night.

The rain started to fall, and there wasn't a thing to be seen or heard save the glint of my lamp on the raindrops, the steady patter on the roof, and the rising roar of our little brook as it ran ever faster and bigger down the mountainside.

Then came the dawn. When I had started things in the kitchen, renewed the suet on the fire, and thrown some bread outside, only then did the fife and sparrows venture forth from their dry houses into the cruel, cold day, angrily demanding the food that was already waiting for them.

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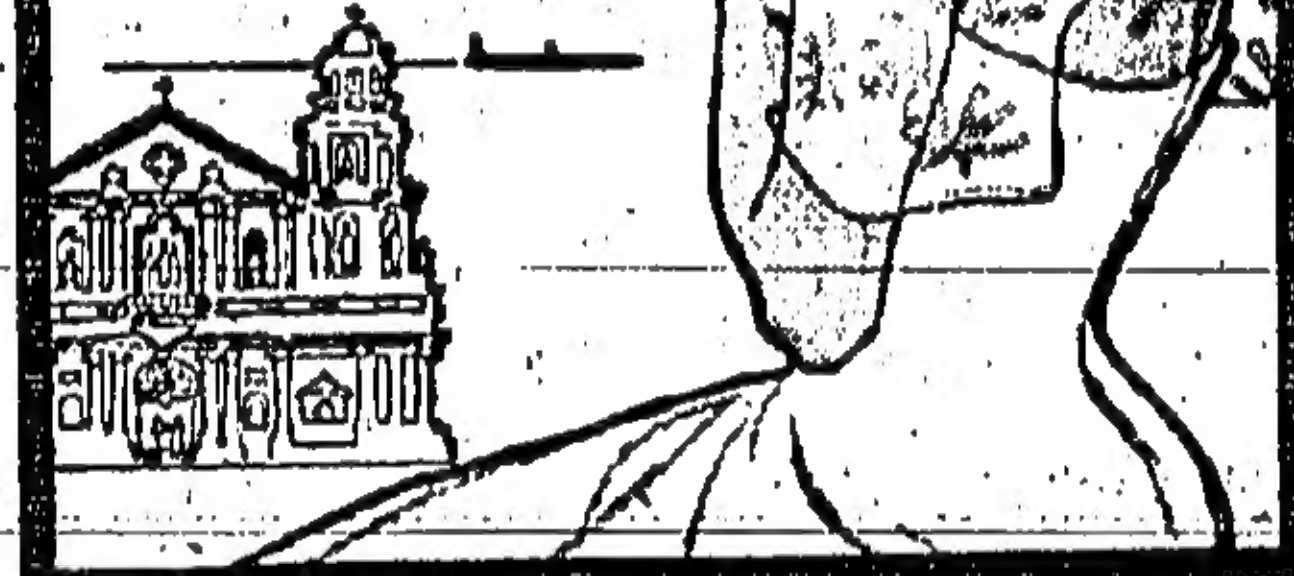
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THE days themselves form no part of a normal experience. The administration under which we moved, the ethics imposed upon us have no parallel in any community outside the new Communist states.

Fantastic as it seems, you would have to turn to the ancient Hebrew scriptures to find a similar situation. By that, I mean such scriptures that describe a whole town convicted of sin, and too late, returning to repentance. The reader who has traced the evolution of Communist theory from Marx through its various stages under the ordinary priest Stalin, will readily recognize the almost identical situation in the sphere of a man trying to convey to the reader who knows nothing of it.

We were sinners, either of commission or omission. We were guilty of being "Tientsin" men, guilty of standing six feet high, we were guilty of having "haughty looks," we were guilty of everything we were.

Just as an ancient Hebrew prophet would rage with accusing tongue against a civilization he had never seen, and denounce its gods and its people for being what they were, so we were guilty of being what we were, and we had not taken it. The mackintosh and ashes of repentance were there for those who would turn them, but the mercy seat and with tears, confess themselves heretics, if only accidental ones. The very phrase, "The Truth of Marxism" showed that the new way of life was far beyond a political creed or economic theory.

Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, were the new Trinity. And now a new star of hope had risen in the East to bring the sign of new life to China. One was aware of breathing an air that was apocalyptic. The forces were being turned, the seeds were being broken, and the forces were being released upon the earth, and the capitals and kings of the old capitalist world would cry for the mountains to fall upon them and cover them.

There was no union, no comradeship. The consequences were too enormous for any man to associate himself, and his household with any other group. True we did live together, we took coffee at Kieseling and Bader's, but everyone was a private bundle of worry and anxiety, a searcher of his own soul, an exemplar of his own conscience. None but a fool would commit sin against the State, but was there a sliver of action of which he was unaware?

A Lost Soul

Had he spoken at the wrong time? Had he laughed at a procession? Was there a book somewhere that was now on the Communist Index? Was his ignorance of what was required, reckoned a sin? If so, what would his penance be? Held for questioning? Gao, without the pistol? There was no escape. He had now arrived at purgatory, and heaven was on a ship, three miles out in the ocean.

There were lost souls, and a flow from them, they would not acknowledge them. They roamed Tientsin longing for someone to speak to. I did not recognise them from any former life, but one day I heard an Englishman shout at one of them, and tell him to keep out of his way.

This fantastic episode, took place in Kieseling and Bader's. We were sitting having coffee

LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By JOHN LUFF

when an Englishman entered. It was a seedy looking individual. Suddenly he saw a man he knew and went up to him and sat down. After they had spoken, the second man rose and shouted, "Get out of it."

No one asked questions, but later in the day, I saw the Englishman who had shouted and called him what was the matter. The week before, the "lost soul" had got as far as the ship, and was having his luggage searched before getting on. All very well, and he was replacing his toilet articles when he was seen to put a tube of toothpaste in his pocket. He was called back, the toothpaste was examined, and curled up inside the tube was a roll of American dollars. He was detained, and now he roamed Tientsin, waiting for the decision of the high council. We knew before him, in case by association, we became spotted with his guilt.

High Priest

Then there was the tall American who had drunk too deeply of the last of the German brews, potent beers, the secret of some long forgotten brew-master. When the tall American was searched, he resisted the familiarity of the questioning hands, so he lashed out.

He was the showpiece of the town, for he had been led from the searching ground in handcuffs. The most we gave him was a surreptitious nod, for he had as it were, struck down a priest at the high altar, and the mark of death was upon him. Yet with it all, the days passed pleasantly enough. Divorced from time, in no sense conscious of living in a real world, ambitious of nothing, for my destiny was no longer a thing over which I had any control, I lived the idle days away. Tientsin Club, and the Tientsin

Club, at the request of Jardines, placed such facilities as still existed, at my disposal. I sat and read strange books for me. "The Channings," by Mrs Henry Wood. I chose that because the opening lines read, "The sweet bells of Hestonleigh Cathedral were ringing out in the summer's afternoon." I read of the misfortunes of the Channing family, and that far away Victorian England, they seemed the very mountains from moloch. I read dozens of such books, and all I asked was to read of a sweet pleasant England where men and women were free, and where flowers came from a cask, and the soft glow of the daisies. I could talk and say what I liked about the government or Prime Minister without the fear of the landlord calling the police.

I determined I would return to England, and never leave again. I would become a sort of literary gipsy, and sell clothes by day, and under the stars, I would compose sonnets of beauty, and hawk them along with my pegs.

One evening, returning to the Court Hotel, I saw a police cordon thrown around the hotel. Four policemen stood at the door, and at the side door were two more. To have turned back would have been madness. I searched my soul, but I had done no wrong, so I entered my rooms, and I did not enter my rooms, I sat in the bar, and as usually as I could, called for a beer.

Around me were the other guests, who whispered in a

dozen different languages. All tried to appear as if no policeman stood upon the stairs with revolver drawn, or tried to ignore the policeman at the back door, or on the service stairs, or watching from the door, or stationed in a ring around the building. Trembling hands reached for long thin glasses. We waited for chinks to tug from above as some persons of guilt were apprehended, and perhaps taken away to die.

After what seemed hours, a dice procession descended the stairs. A Russian woman, her head bent low with fear, and Indian gentleman, and another pair. The police officer seemed terribly stern, and I wondered what terrible evidence he carried in his hand.

The brigade of police reformed, and the prisoners were marshalled within the police vans. There was no need for chains or handcuffs. Fear held them chained as they marched away.

Now they had gone, and with them more freely, and with more confidence, escape from danger brings to us all, we found the joy of being alive. Do it to them, shoot them, question them, do it to my brother, my wife, my mother, but leave me alone.

None dared ask what crime they had committed. The very mention of that awful action would, by its utterance, condemn the speaker with the stain of its iniquity. But in the whispers over our beer, we heard, these four wicked people, these unmentionable foul sinners, had been playing High Jong, but the State can be merciful, and in such cases mercy was asked and mercy was found. The worst that happened was, the guilty person owning the set had to take one piece every day, and surrender it at the police station

sailed the seven seas. I stood and gazed for hours. I recognised my cabin trunk as it was hoisted aboard. And, more wonderful news, I should not have to sleep in that huge tented dormitory, for Jardine's had arranged for one of the officers to give up his cabin to me.

So came the last day. We, who were travelling on the Heinrich Jessen, now became a sort of aristocracy. We were pointed out in the cafes, we assumed a new respect, we were chosen people about to embark upon a fantastic voyage which finished up in another world.

We said farewell to all who had done their best to make our stay comfortable, and left for the riverside where the ship would swing round with the tide, and nose her way to the sea.

So it was, that hot May afternoon of 1955, I stood along with some crowd of Europeans and an enormous number of refugees from Harbin, to await the final search demanded before we were released.

High above, the air was yellow and hot for a wind was blowing from the Gobi Desert. Scraps of ground sheets were placed on the ground, and we had to lie on our backs, and wait for the inspectors to give us the signal to depart.

God knows why they spent so much time with the poor Harbin refugees. In scraps of clothing, as did as any worn by the Fleet Piper of Hamelin, they carried all their wealth in miserable tattered sacks, and torn old haversacks. They emptied the wretched remnants of their luggage into the ragged ground-



They made me a temporary member of the Tientsin Club.

IN CHARLOTTE STREET ALEC DE ANTIQUIS WAS SHOT—CHANCE VICTIM OF ONE OF LONDON'S MOST SENSELESS CRIMES

THIS began the great Soho manhunt

LONDON DRAMAS

A MAN stood looking in the window of Jay's the Jewellers on the corner of Charlotte Street and Tottenham Street. It was his wife's birthday in a few days. As he peered for a possible present among the unredempted pledges his eye caught the image of a car in the window, sliding to a stop behind him. The driver went inside.

A moment later there was a shot. Then sounds of a struggle in the shop and three men in masks ran out.

They reached the corner of the street. There was another shot. A motorcyclist fell into the roadway.

This was how, shortly after 2.30 on April 22, 1947, Alec de Antiquis met his death. He was 34, a motor engineer on a trip to town to collect spares for his business. He was murdered as he rode home to his wife and six children in Collier's Wood.

'Stop them!'

Women screamed; some flattened themselves on the pavement. Windows shot up and the people of Soho leaped out. Men shouted "Stop them!"

But the killers vanished. And the biggest manhunt of recent years started. In corner cafes with steamy windows the questioning went on. Among shops selling Arto, Spumone, and party in the Greek and Turkish restaurants, in the basements turning out piece work for the rag trade, "Murder could have been no more than a game."

Back at Scotland Yard the mackintosh was quickly—and with some disappointment—identified: the kind of coat that had been issued in hundreds of thousands to demobbed ex-servicemen. In addition, the maker's name had been removed.

So the garment was ripped apart. Under the lining was a stock ticket. After prolonged research it was discovered that the coat had been sent from a Leeds factory to Deptford or Derbys.

Today, that night well have been the end of the hunt. But in 1947 clothing shops look customers' names as a precaution against forged clothing coupons.

Set free

A laborious check of lists from shops in Deptford and Derbys began. The identity emerged of someone known to be related to Charles Henry Jenkins.

Charles Henry Jenkins, 33-year-old lighterman, had been released from Brixton six days before the Antiquis shooting.

He was brought in and questioned. He admitted nothing except that he knew the raincoat had been sent to a "man in Tottenham Court Road." He was set free—and shadowed day and night.

Jenkins was found to be meeting a 17-year-old called

by JOHN WATERMAN

Roll. TERENCE PETER ROLL, a warehouseman, had once been bound over. He was questioned, admitted nothing, and also went free.

Investigations were then concentrated round the activities of these men, and anyone who might talk about them.

Soon, someone did talk. On the night Jenkins came out of Brixton there had been a celebration at a Clerkenwell public house. ROLL and CHRISTOPHER JAMES GERAGHTY, 20-year-old labourer, another ex-Brixton inmate, had been among the organisers.

The defence plied up. Jenkins, Geraghty and Roll were arrested.

Five days later

On the night of the party, apparently they had talked about the possibility of raiding a jeweller's shop. Five days later they met again and decided to carry out the raid on Jay's the following day.

The morning of April 22 was mild and springlike as Jenkins, Geraghty and Roll set out, guns in their pockets, shortly after midnight. They got on the underground at Shadwell.

They booked to George Street and walked from there to Jay's. Jenkins, dark and handsome, Geraghty a cocky, early version of the Teddy Boy, Roll looking as if he had hardly left school.

When they arrived there were too many people about to carry out the raid. The trio went to a cafe to discuss plans. They decided to steal a car.

Two turnings away in Whitfield Street stood a new Vauxhall. Roll sorted through a bunch of car keys, he carried, unlocked the car and drove it to the shop while the other two waited. It was nearly 2.30.

Into the pledge department went Jenkins, then Roll, both masked. They jumped the counter. An assistant threw a stool at them, and pressed an alarm buzzer. There was a struggle in which Mr Alfred Stock, a director of the firm, was hit over the head with a croquet mallet.

At this moment Geraghty went in the front door and held up an assistant, Mr William Hewson, 55, and kept quiet, he said through his mask.

Then, inexplicably, he fired a shot which went through a glass panel and embedded itself in the wall of the pledge office.

It was the downfall of the raid. All secrecy had gone, and the three had met unexpected resistance. Empty-handed—but for their guns—they dashed to the car.

Its path was blocked by a lorry. Panic set in. Around the car a crowd was gathering. They abandoned the car and ran up Tottenham Street.

It was at this unfortunate second that Alec de Antiquis rode his motor cycle across the junction of Tottenham Street and Charlotte Street. He appeared to swerve, and then stood up in the saddle as if about to get off. Geraghty, at point-blank range, fired at him, de Antiquis died on the way to Hospital.

Mr Charles Grimshaw, a surveyor, saw this happen and tackled either Jenkins or Roll—he could not, later, be sure which. They rolled on the pavement. A gun slithered into the road. Then Geraghty came up. Mr Grimshaw was kicked and threatened. "Keep off!"

The raiders disappeared up the street.

Third mistake

About 2.40 Mr Albert Grubb was turning his taxi down Tottenham Place. Two men appeared running. One jumped on his running board. Mr Grubb brushed him off. The two men then ran into Brook House, a block of offices.

It was here that Geraghty made his third and ultimately incriminating mistake. Geraghty it was who had fired the shot that raised the alarm. Geraghty it was who shot de Antiquis. Now, before escaping, he bundled his raincoat up and left it behind a counter—in a disused painter's store room at the top of Brook House.

The trial of Geraghty, Roll and Jenkins opened at the Old Bailey on July 21, 1947.

Both Geraghty and Roll admitted being involved in the crime. Jenkins did not. His defence was based on an alibi. He said he was with his sister at a factory in Clerkenwell until about 2.30 p.m. and later with her at another factory where he asked for work.

But when a witness was called on the Clerkenwell firm he could go no further than saying that Jenkins was there "until after 2 p.m."

Geraghty, defended by Mr Paul Wrightson, had made a statement admitting firing the shot, but said that he had not aimed at Antiquis. He maintained that Antiquis got in his way and he fired to frighten him.

No case

Mr Wrightson submitted that Geraghty had no case to answer on the question of murder. The evidence did not show that de Antiquis was trying to stop the raiders.

Mr Justice Hallett summed up: "If he (Geraghty) was shooting at Antiquis with intent to rob, lawful apprehension and killed him unintentionally, I say that is murder and nothing else."

The jury, nine men and three women, were out for 60 minutes. They were not convinced by the pleading. They did not believe Jenkins alibi. They returned a verdict of "Guilty."

On September 19, Geraghty and Jenkins were hanged, at Farnleyville.

Today, the only physical mark left by the Antiquis murder is a one-inch plus of plaster where a bullet hit a piece of wooden paneling in the pledge department of Jay's the Jewellers—the sole reminder of one of London's most senseless crimes.

(London Express Service)



"Accidents will happen, but there's no risk of radiation. It will all clear up in a month—I hope!"

Next Week
The Reason for it all

★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

It Takes Time And Much Patience

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

PERHAPS there's no more trying problem for the young mother than training her baby in good toilet habits. It takes eternal patience, vigilance and self-discipline. Yet some mothers manage it very easily, even before the child is two or three.

A Pennsylvania mother writes of her 20-month-old son: "I just started last week to toilet-train him. Each day he seemed to do a little better than the last, until this week. Now he seems not to be interested in trying at all."

No Jobbers

"Even though he doesn't talk, he does jabber and make signs and noises, so that he should be able to make known to me. 'Also, what can I do to get him to stay there long enough? He'll just sit a moment, then away he goes. 'This week he has had bronchitis, so I'm not scolding or punishing him. Will his patience come back when he gets over his sickness?'"

Advice To Mother

This was my reply in part: Any illness can easily upset progress at toilet-training. If I were you, I would just have a vacation of a week or two from training that child. Act as if you had never started to train him. When you try it again, don't expect him to tell you when he wants to go, but take that responsibility yourself. Experiment until you find the best time to attend him and post a

Answering Parents' Questions

Q. Our pediatrician says our baby will have a noticeable disfigurement on his face all his life as the result of an accident. A. Discipline yourself to accept this fact. Never refer to it. When others ask about it, say nonchalantly, "Accident," then quickly shift the conversation.



GLAMOROUS FOR A DATE, she checks her face in a compact mirror. She should give her looks the same attention every day.

"YOU look so beautiful I didn't recognise you!" Is that statement a compliment? Not to our way of thinking! It implies that, last time, the party in question looked a fright.

GLAMOROUS OCCASION

Yet there are women who hear such comments. They go along, day in and day out, appearing plain and dreary. Along comes the annual office dance and they go all out in preparations, arrive glittering with glamour, are scarcely recognised by co-workers.

There is, for example, a teenager, Shirley, we know who had just such an experience.

She met a boy she knew at a church dance but he didn't know her, and small wonder. The lad in question held an after-school and Saturday job at the local grocery store. Sure, he'd seen Shirley, doing the shopping for her mother, but it was a Shirley in slacks and

—JEANNE D'ARCY

WOMEN TIPPING HATS TO MEN MAY BE NEXT

By JOSEPH FLEMING

WOMEN who live under Communism are in danger of having to tip their hats to men. They also face the prospect of losing their right to alimony if their husbands divorce them.

And if married, they're taken for granted in most Western nations.

Now women in East Germany are shuddering again because they've been told still more "equal rights" are coming their way.

Justice Minister "Red Hilde" Benjamin in a lecture to women Communists, leaders broke the sad news that a new family law now is being drawn up.

She made it plain the new law would place still stronger pressure on wives to get them out of the homes and into industry even if they have to leave their husbands.

She said 18.3 per cent of all women with children now are working but this is not enough.

LEAVE AND LEARN

She denounced as "house tyrants" husbands who oppose their wives taking jobs.

Wives, she said, who do not realize working wives for they really want to be equal are simply stupid.

Lack of training is no excuse, she said. She asserted that wives could leave their husbands "for some time" in order to learn a trade.

Red Hilde, whose husband is dead, said the new family law virtually would abolish alimony. She said divorced women would get alimony only in exceptional cases.

If a man has to pay alimony "it can limit his active participation in the building of socialism," she said.

The new family law, Frau Benjamin said, legally will oblige working wives to pay half of the household costs.

The law presumably will say nothing about tipping hats.

But men after men in letters to one East Berlin newspaper said it was ridiculous for a man to tip his hat to a woman.

Erich Melster of the East German city of Gera wrote, concerning equal rights, over women should be obliged to tip her hat when her husband or another man greets her by tipping his hat.

We'd rather live in London than anywhere . . .

(and we've tried California)

SIX years ago the Brown family—actor Phil, wife Ginny, schoolboy sons Robin and Jed—transferred headquarters from their sleek, snap-up-to-date villa in the Hollywood hills to a 70-ft. converted motor-patrol boat moored alongside Chiswick Mall. A big step—whether you reckon it in miles or mod cons. But the Browns have no regrets.

"With us and London it was a case of love at first sight," says California-born Ginny.

London doesn't seem to be returning the compliment. Phil Brown is currently starring in one play and producing another. Robin and Jed, 14 and 11, are the lions of the local grammar school. And pretty Ginny Brown, with two exhibitions behind her, is making a name for herself as a painter of riverside life.

Four in a boat is a living arrangement that suits the well-adjusted, resilient Browns family very well.

"It would have to be a very special house to get me to move off my boat," says Ginny.

Looking round the Mayflower—the name alludes to the red-discovery of Britain by the Browns family—one sees what she means.

It would fit comfortably five times over—into the Laurel Canyon, Calif. villa. But for all that the Mayflower is a very special boat.

The weatherbeaten hull, bought six years ago by the Browns, has been transformed at the expense of more imagination than cash into a compact, colourful home.

THREE TELEPHONES

Ample accommodation, two cabins, kitchen, bathroom and sitting-room scooped out of what was once an engine-room, even a workshop—tucked into the bows. There is no air-conditioning, but there are three telephones ("just like Hollywood") and a TV set.

The colour scheme—reds, sage green, yellow—was thought out by Ginny. Wherever possible the furniture is built in.

"It saves space and solves the problem of how to keep things steady when the boat begins to rock. And she does rock," says Ginny, who coped with frequent bouts of sea-sickness before she settled down to life at an acute angle.

Boat-dwellers have to match up to far greater hazards than queasy stomachs. "Leak" is a word with nightmarish associations aboard the Mayflower.

There was the time that Phil, hurrying to a rehearsal, opened the bungs at low water and forgot to replace them. An hour later the boat was knee-deep in brackish Thames water. Worse still, there was the time last summer when Ginny set off for an hour's shopping and returned to find her floating home no longer afloat.

"There it was, like a big black slug, right at the bottom of the river," she recalls.

Luckily, co-operative neighbours salvaged most of the Brown's portable possessions before the Mayflower took its dive. Among them the collection of Ginny's paintings now splashed across one sitting-room wall.

The charms of life afloat are another story—and the Browns

For skin

A NEW milky white liquid revolutionises skin treatments. Just tap it into the skin, leave to dry three to five minutes, and then "smoo off." Flaky dry skins disappear on to the island. 19s. 6d. is supposed to be enough for 30 treatments. Complete works include a skin tonic and costs 27s.

Actress Tells You How To Start Conversation



SHY ABOUT talking? Ask people about themselves, advises actress Elaine Stritch. It's a good conversation-starter.

By JEANNE D'ARCY

IT'S terrible to be shy, tongue-tied, afraid to open your mouth, always at a loss for something to say.

This is something that comes upon us all occasionally—when we're overwhelmed by meeting someone we admire tremendously, when we're thrown into a group of total strangers, when we're with people who are discussing something we don't know the first thing about.

Ask for Opinions

"You can always keep talk going by asking for somebody's opinion. What does a woman think about the new chemise shape? What does a man think about the United States missile program?"

"Once you get the conversation started," said the talkative blonde, "you can just sit back, make an occasional comment, pose a question or two. It's easy as that."

A Last Thought

As an afterthought, she added: "Nobody should worry about not being a talker. That's not the important thing. If you don't like to gab, just cue the talkers and they'll carry on."

"Don't think it's a dreadful thing to be a quiet person. Not at all. The big bores aren't quiet people. They're people who talk and talk and talk—much too much!"

It's good advice, but it posed a question: And then what?

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WHITE French broche, woven with lime green flowers, is used for this penguin line cocktail dress by London Town. A slotted tab holds the two skirts together at the front.

MARRIAGE, YES; BUT JOBS TOO. IN TEENS' FUTURE

By GAY PAULEY

A BUNCH of statisticians, gazing into their crystal balls, have decided that today's high school girl has a mighty healthy chance of catching a husband. But marriage won't remove her from the labour market.

The Institute of Life Insurance, browsing through statistics from the government's Bureau of Labour files, worked out the futures of any group of 100 girls of high school age.

Here are some highlights: Out of 100, about 80 will be married by the time they are 20, nearly 90 per cent will be wed by the time they are 30.

WORKING WIVES

Of the 10 per cent who will probably remain single, most will work for a total of about 40 years each.

For a majority of the 100, marriage no longer is considered a signal to give up a job right away. Today's typical young wife, the institute said, continues to work to supplement the family income. Many girls marry men still studying, and work until their husbands are qualified.

Most working wives will leave the job when the first child arrives. Homemaking remains their only occupation, at least until the youngest child is at school. Nevertheless, close to 15 per cent of women with

very young children will continue to work.

The typical young wife has her first child when she is 22. The second arrives when she is 25 and the third when she is 27.

The most common reason for returning to work, after the children are in school, is economic. As children grow, so do family expenses, and so does the necessity to save funds for higher education. But the institute said there are other reasons. Some women would rather hold an outside job than remain at home while the children are in school. And, beginning at the age of about 45, more and more women become widows. Work is a necessity.

The moral of the story, said the institute, is whether she marries or not, today's teenager should prepare carefully for a career.

RED CAVIAR "Luscious" or "Luscious" Lipstick in "Fetters" case. Cream Red. Smoother or Fretted Red. Smoother.

© 1958



Guests and members of the Mancius Educational Foundation are seen at a dinner given for Dr. Joseph Shipley (author).

LEFT: Luncheon party aboard the RMS Chusan (from left) Mrs. A. White, Mr. A. G. Crook, Mr. E. W. S. McGregor and Mrs. McGregor, and Mrs. G. Cowley. Staff Photographers



Albert Soo and Wendy Ching-siu Ho after their wedding at the Marriage Registry.

Staff Photographer

RIGHT: Dr. A. C. Yau and Miss Gan Bee-lay, another Easter couple at the Registry. Ming Yuen



Major H. F. Stanley, Executive Director of the Hongkong Tourist Association, and Mr. Leigh Bennett are seen at a cocktail party by the Association's Board of Management at the Hongkong Club. RIGHT: Major G. F. Doggett and Dr. the Hon. D. J. M. MacKenzie at the AMS Supervisors dinner. Staff Photographers



Lady Black is seen during an official tour of three schools in Kowloon. The tour with the Acting Director of Education Mr. L. G. Morgan included Holy Trinity Primary School; the Holy Family Canossian School, Junction Road; and the Tse Fong Kindergarten and Primary School, Waterloo Road.

Staff Photographer



The "Van Vliet Shield" went to Portugal for the third year in succession in the Ladies' International Hockey Series. The Portuguese side are seen with the "Commonwealth" XI, beaten 3-1. Right: "Good shot, Madam!" Staff Photographer



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Pretty faces graced the dinner which launched the Rotary Club's Inter-City forum and an intense round of Rotarian activity... what's that about beauty and wisdom seldom seen together?

RIGHT: Tiny entertainers at the anniversary of the Shatin Babies' Home. Staff Photographers



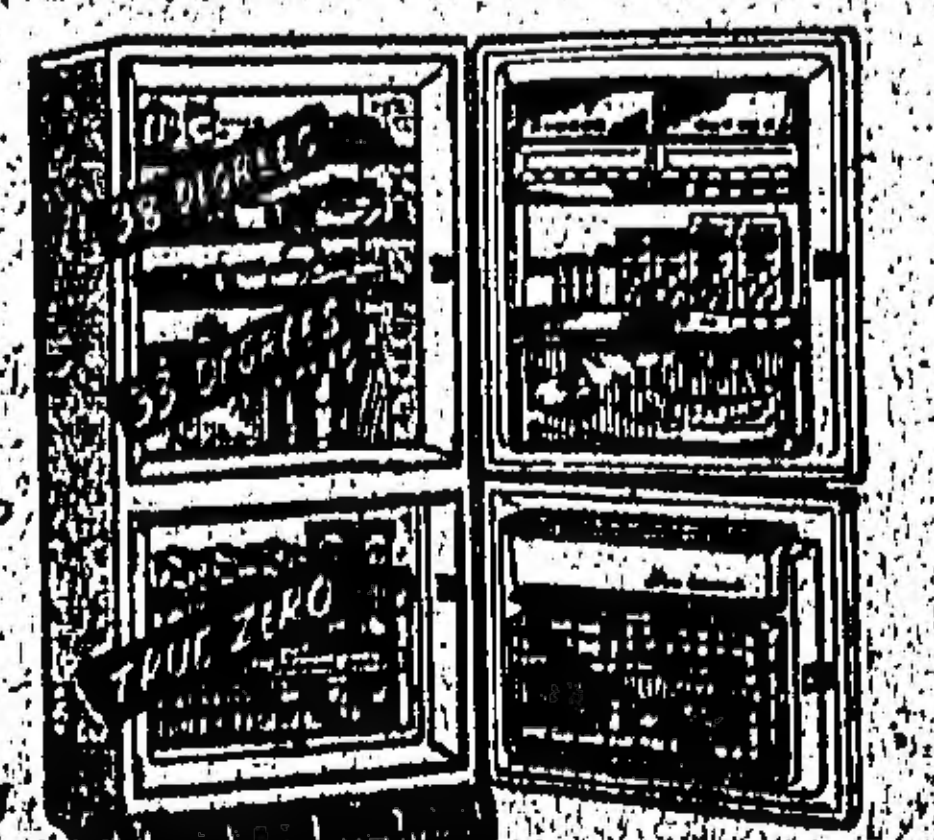
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CALL IN FOR DEMONSTRATION

GILMANS



Miss Florence Booster and three-year-old Leo Chi-kin (her first client) are seen at the opening of the Hongkong branch of the International Social Service. Leo is being adopted by a Chinese family in the U.S.

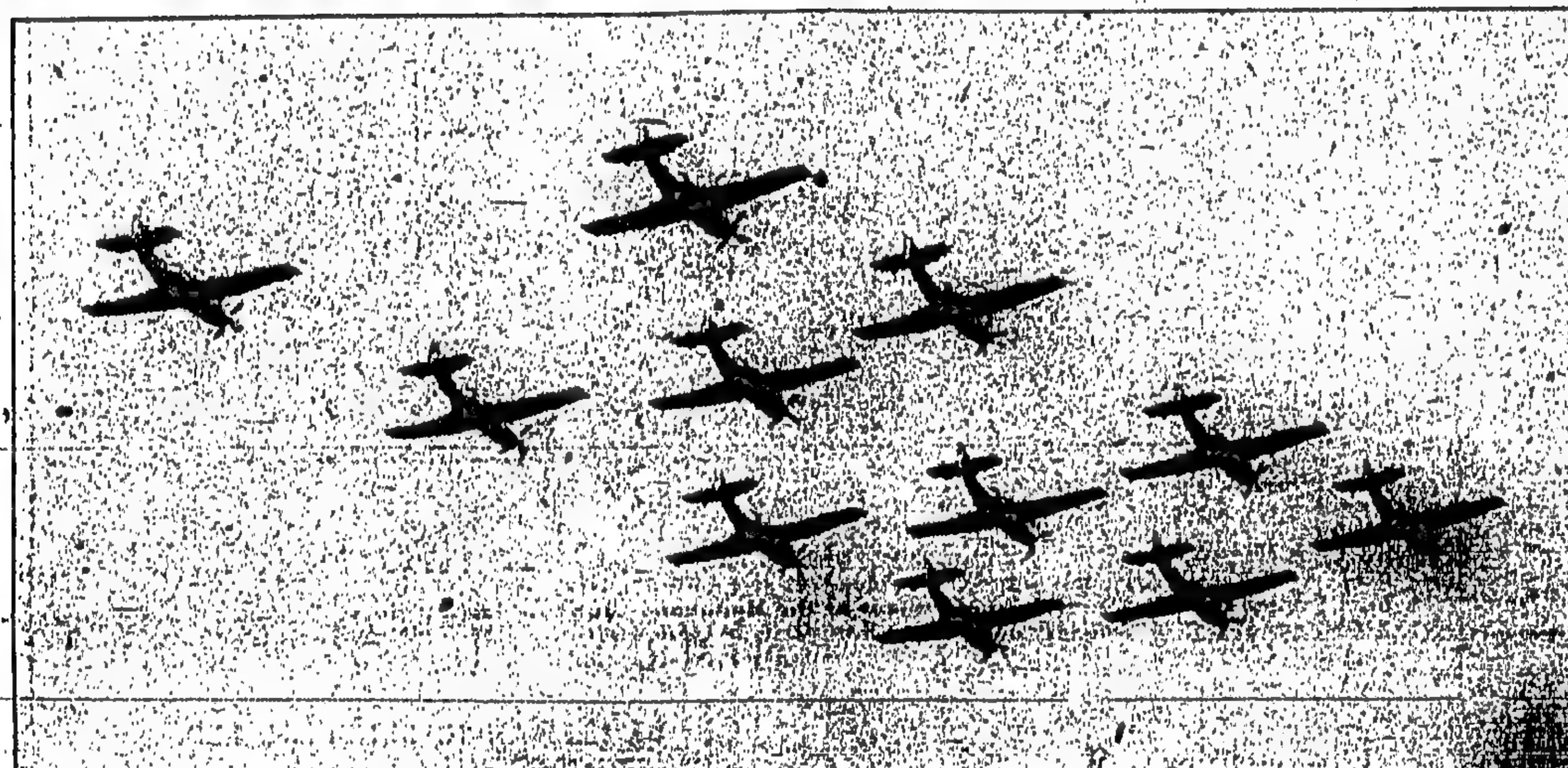
RIGHT: Sir Howard Florey, leaning on lab bench, is seen in the Pathology Building of Hongkong University. From the left are Dr. D. K. Samy, Brig. and Mrs. L. T. Rida, and the Professor of Pathology, Dr. Hou Pao-chang. Staff Photographers



H.K. team leaves Kai Tak for Singapore for the annual "Aw Hoo" Cup soccer match. BELOW: Eleven Gannots, and (lower picture) seven jet Venoms from HMS Malbourne in formation over Hongkong. Staff Photographers



Mrs. Dorothy Birthwhistle, Lady Captain of the Royal Hongkong Golf Club, drives off (above) at Fenling... signal for the ceremonial burst of firecrackers below. Staff Photographer



Mr. Parkin Wong is seen greeting the new Director of Social Welfare Mr. D. W. B. Baron and Mrs. Baron, arriving for a dinner given for them by Kalfong Associations. BELOW: The visiting Amadeus String Quartet stop ashore for two concerts in Hongkong. Staff Photographers



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RUDDY RUSSIAN CHILDREN GET A CONTROLLED DIET

By WHITMAN BASSOW

MAKSIMKA, a round-faced rosy-cheeked Soviet citizen, is a very little boy with a very long name.

His birth certificate reads: Maksimilian Konstantinovich Skorobotkin, born April 4, 1957—two months before our Fern Elizabeth was born in New York City.

My wife and I met Maksimka the other day while pushing our bright blue Soviet baby carriage with Fern inside, along the banks of the Moscow River.

Maksimka's mother, Olga Petrovna Skorobotkin, a friendly woman in a square collar and a similar carriage. We nodded to each other, and like parents all over the world, stopped to compare notes and offspring.

We were interested in Maksimka's diet, and found that the Russians have different ideas on feeding babies than people do in the United States. Their methods are successful because Russian babies are the plumpest, rosiest, healthiest-looking babies we've seen in a long time.

SIX MONTHS OF NURSING

Russians feed their infants more often than we do. When Maksimka was born, he was fed seven times in 24 hours, or every three hours with a six-hour gap between midnight and 6 a.m. The number of feedings was reduced after the third month.

Soviet pediatricians encourage mothers to nurse their children for at least six months, Olga Petrovna said. She was astonished to learn that in America most babies are bottle-fed. Russian clinics provide complete free pediatric services, including periodic examinations and medication. A kitchen formula, special diets, milk, cheese, yoghurt and other foods not available in the stores.

CANNED BABY FOODS

Russian babies do not eat meat until they are at least one year old. Then they eat puree of chicken, sweetbreads, veal, and liver.

The Soviet food industry produces baby foods similar to those in the West. They come in 4-ounce jars under a colorful label showing a curly-haired, laughing child. The choice is limited to about 10 foods, including carrot juice, puree of peas, applesauce, apple and tomato juice, apple and rice puree. There are no meats available.

But many Russian mothers prefer to make their own baby food, even though it means more work. Olga Petrovna is one. "You never know what goes into those jars," she told us. "And anyway, fresh food is better than canned."

My wife, who evidently has more confidence in the Soviet food industry than many Russians, has been feeding Fern Elizabeth local baby food for the past six months.

The young lady is thriving.

For furniture

A NEW furniture-wood-dye that takes the fear out of French polishing. It takes time to do, but you don't need a diploma to do it yourself. Cost is 55c, 75c, or 15c, and it does for a coloured wood.

How Suzette got the crepe

by TOM STACEY

CONCLUDING THE COOKING FOR MEN COURSE BY EXPLODING A FIERY MYTH

CREPE SUZETTE is NOT the name of one of the snake dancers that Toulouse-Lautrec used to go around with. It is that aesthetically thrilling pancake performance which the waiter sets on fire right in front of you by sluicing brandy over it, very often after having turned out all the lights.

However, I have discovered that in the more magnificent of the world's kitchens, from Cairo to Copacabana, there is a controversy raging about this flaming of the crepe suzette.

NOI NEVER

THE purists, following the recipe of its inventor, the one and only Escoffier, late chef of the Carlton, declare that you should never set it on fire.

They say that was just a gimmick started by Escoffier's head waiter in order to steal some of Escoffier's thunder.

The original crepe, as made by Escoffier for Suzette, who, Philip Harben tells me, is said to have been something to do with Edward VII, was re-created just the other day by... well, by me. I was, however, under the personal instruction of one of the current masters of the profession, Eugene Kaufeler, of the Dorchester hotel.

THAT LID

HERE is the correct way to begin. Surround yourself with the following ingredients: Two eggs, quarter pound of plain flour, quarter pint of milk, about half a pound of butter, salt, two mandarins (or tangerines, or oranges), a cup of icing sugar, a little granulated sugar, bottle of curacao. And, of course, a pan-fryer, which is a very small frying pan, rather thick, very gently flaring sides. It really is very difficult.

THIS WAY

DASH on a few drops of curacao. Safest way is to put your thumb over the top, tip up the bottle sideways, and wriggle your thumb.

Stir all this up with a whisk into a nice smooth mixture, not frothing it, and as you do so add some melted (but not sizzling) butter.

Now grease your pan with some butter. The way to do this is to melt down some butter on one side, and tip it into your hot pan, swirl it all around, and tip it ALL back.

Now you are going to make your pancakes.

The important thing about pancakes is that they should be thin. So you ladle into your pan only just enough of the stuff you have just mixed up as will cover the bottom of your pan when you tip it in every direction.

Put the pan back over the flame and after 15sec. or so it will be time to turn the pancake over. This is almost impossible to do without years of practice. However, a fluke may do it.

I started by trying to throw the pancake, which I had understood was the professional method of reversing the thing. "We do not have time to play the longeur in this kitchen," Mr Kaufeler said a little faintly, and he took over the next pancake and turned it by a flick of the wrist. It is purely a wrist, not a dorsal, action.

SPREAD THEM

IF you are making your pancakes as thin as you should be, you should be able to make at least 12 with your mixture, which you should keep stirring.

Spread these around on a large dish, and do nothing for a day. Do not put them in the fridge.

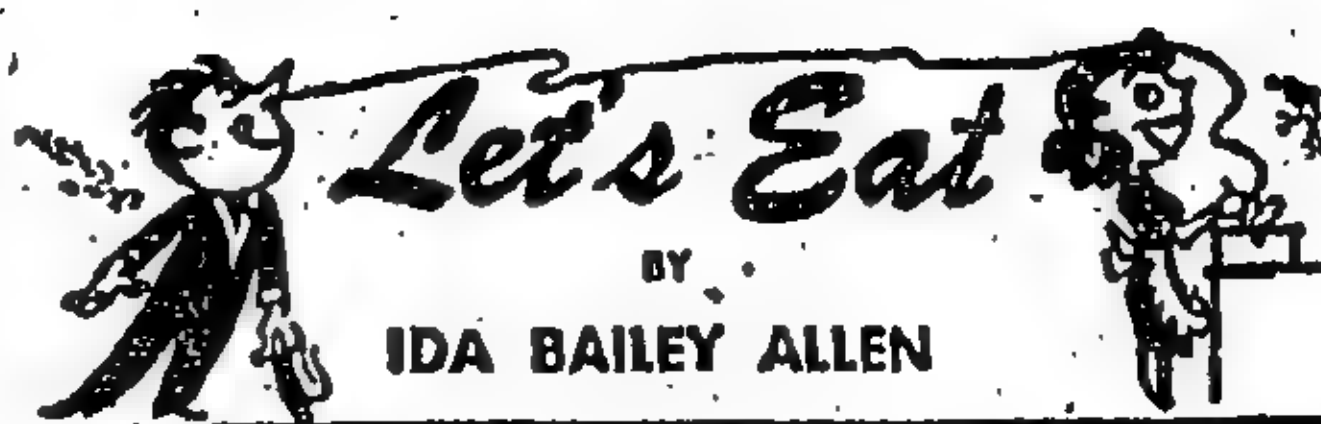
NEXT DAY. We make our Suzette filling. Take three ounces of butter and three ounces of icing sugar. Sift the butter. Mix. Grate the outermost peel (zest) of a mandarin, a large teaspoonful, on top. Then squeeze over it the juice of a couple of mandarins. Watch out for the tips.

Mix in a good tablespoonful of curacao, with a wooden spoon, and stir it all around. Spread this filling liberally over your pancakes, and fold them into four, like a lace handkerchief. This is a very fiddly business; but keep your patience and place each one symmetrically on to a large dish.

At the last moment, plunge this dish into a really hot oven, to heat but not cook your pancakes. Pull it out, and scoop up any melted filling and drip it on the top. Eat.

For the records

FOR records with an after-party hangover, rinse them in warm water a very mild detergent, and scrub in the direction of the grooves with a small cellulose sponge, keeping the labels out of the water as much as possible. Rinse in clear warm water; stand in a plate-rack to dry. off. Sounds fantastic, but it works.



Chicken A La King Pies For Luncheon Or Dinner

WHEN I was a small child, chicken and 2 a. diced chicken creamed chicken on toast was the favored hot dish for a company supper or high tea. But for a late evening supper party, the creamed chicken was served in pate shells, for elegance.

Chicken And Oysters

A decade later, chicken and oysters were creamed together in a chafing dish and served with due flair on hot buttered toast.

The next to win acclaim was chicken a la king, a dressed up, tastier version of our old friend, creamed chicken. The basis is a la king sauce—which can also be used as the basis for several other delectables.

A la King Sauce: Melt 3 tbs. butter. Add 1 diced, seeded green pepper, 1 diced tomato and 1/2 c. sautéed sliced fresh or canned mushrooms. Cook-stir 3 min.

Stir in 2 1/2 tbs. flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper and 1/2 tsp. paprika. Stir in 1/2 c. chicken broth, 1/2 c. milk and 1/2 c. light cream or undiluted evaporated milk. Cook-stir until boiling. Stir in 2 eggs yolk beaten light with 1 tbs. milk. Cook-stir 1 min.

Add 1 tbs. sherry flavoring. **Chicken a la King:** Before adding the egg yolks to the sauce, stir in 2 1/2 c. small-diced cooked or canned chicken, and heat 5 min.

Finish as directed. Serve in bread croutades or heated pate or pie pastry shells. Serves 4 to 6. When combining chicken and oysters in a la king sauce, a cup canned small clams in Italian pudding.

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Do You Tire Quickly? Maybe It's Boredom

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

Do you become tired at the office or plant, or while doing household chores, long before your workday is finished?

Then maybe you are suffering from fatigue.

Generally, false fatigue is caused by just plain boredom. Don't confuse this with emotional fatigue, which is a more complicated problem and often requires expert help.

NOT REALLY TIRED

False fatigue can make you feel tired, but you won't really be tired. Usually, you will lose all interest in a boring task shortly after you begin it.

All too frequently, a routine office job saps an employee of almost all ambition. The same is true of a routine job in a factory or in the home.

But let's be practical. You've got to get the work done. You must snap out of this false fatigue.

TWO METHODS

There are two ways to do it. Probably the best and most popular is to take a respite from your job every so often for a coffee break.

Employers throughout the country have recognized the value of the coffee break. They know it increases efficiency, especially among employees with routine jobs. It's a morale builder as well.

The other way to beat false fatigue is to talk yourself out of it. This, of course, takes determination and self-discipline and time. But it can be done and quickly, too.

When you become bored and begin to feel tired, although you know you haven't done enough work to make you tired, just stay with the job. Grit your teeth and keep on working.

Within half an hour you will probably feel a lot better, a lot more like finishing the job.

There are many drugs on the market which have been designed to fight fatigue. In some cases, they might be beneficial. But that is a matter for your doctor to decide.

While both tea and coffee are stimulants, they are not dangerous, if not taken to excess. Most of you will find they will help you get some pep into your work.

Is It Safe To Wash An Electric Blanket?

By Eleanor Ross

HAVE you been wondering if it is really safe to wash an electric blanket?

The answer is an unqualified "yes." In fact, electric blankets should never be dry cleaned. The reason for this is that some cleaning fluids are injurious to the wiring system of the blanket.

FILLED WITH WIRING

Of course, some women are a little leery of washing something filled with electric wiring. However, they should realize that the makers of the most famous automatic blankets are among the biggest electrical equipment manufacturers in the world. They wouldn't try to market anything that wasn't suitably safe. That's not how they built their reputations.

HANG IT IN SHADE

Hang the blanket in the shade over two parallel clotheslines, about 18 inches apart.

While the blanket is drying, gently but firmly ease it into its original shape.

DISCONNECT IT

To wash an electric blanket, start by disconnecting the plug at the foot of the blanket. Then, measure its size before wetting it, so that you can stretch it back to its original shape. Wash it either by hand or according to the directions for your washing machine.

Use lukewarm suds, soap or detergent, first "massaging" spots and stains with a handful of thick suds. After washing the blanket, squeeze out excess suds, rinse well and remove excess water.

When completely dry, brush the surface in one direction using a soft, clean brush. This raises the nap and makes it look and feel soft.

If you want to iron the blanket, do it with the iron set at a low temperature and use a pressing cloth.

Do you know the best way to preserve sterling silver? Use it every day! It can't wear out, it can be used up, but daily use adds immeasurably to its beauty.

Just as you accept and cherish the transition in your teenage daughter from adolescence to young womanhood, so do you want to cherish the beauty of the maturity in your sterling silver.

BRIGHT AND GLOSSY

Bright and glossy when new, its true character is developed only through loving care. In using it every day you will notice that it will slowly acquire a glowing patina with depths that were not apparent when it was first acquired.

Patina is the word used to describe the thousands and thousands of tiny lines formed in daily usage. They are invisible to the naked eye, but they hold together to form a soft surface for gentle light absorption.

Daily upkeep could hardly be easier. Simply wash it first in good hot water with suds from flakes, soap chips, powder, cake or liquid. Then rinse in hot water and dry with soft towel.

You will discover that daily use of sterling makes for less polishing, a boon in itself.

MONTHLY POLISHING

About once a month, assemble your silver, plenty of clean cloths or chamois and one of the good creams or liquid polishes made expressly for sterling. Polish lengthwise rather than in circles.

When polishing hollowware, do not twist it around in the cloth, but stroke it lengthwise, too.

Have the children help you. Make it a monthly ceremony for them, one that will teach them true appreciation of beauty and gracious living in their own home.

You will notice in your ornamented pieces that there are subtle shadows which emphasize the lovely flowing lines. These aren't accidental. They

are put there by a process of careful oxidation. Don't be tempted to clean sterling with a brush or worse yet, in an aluminum and soda bath, because you'll destroy much of the craftsmanship so lovingly bestowed on it. You will have saved a few minutes polishing time, it's true. But you'll find that your silver has a flat, milky whiteness that negates its beauty.

STORING SILVER

Storing your silver for daily use in its own chest is practical or you might like to use a drawer with specially treated cloth. If you prefer to keep it in flannel cases, don't fasten them with rubber bands. The black marks will penetrate right through the cloth.

Setting a pretty table and using your precious sterling silverware every day is a commitment to the family, implies that they are your most important table guests and that the best is none too good for them. It gives dignity to the meal, too. It's lovely and nothing could be more important these times, so we realize, more and more, the importance of home surroundings and appointments in training youth.

NEW TWIST FOR FILET OF SOLE

Sun Valley, Idaho. A SPECIALTY of the house at Sun Valley Lodge makes a fancy party dish for Friday dinners. It's filet of sole with champagne.

In a saucepan, put some whole pickling spice, 1/2 cup court bouillon (fish broth), 1/2 cup sherry, 1/2 cup champagne, 1 small onion sliced, salt and white pepper to taste and juice from 1/2 lemon. Bring to boil for 2 minutes. Add 3 ounces of filet of sole and simmer 4 minutes.

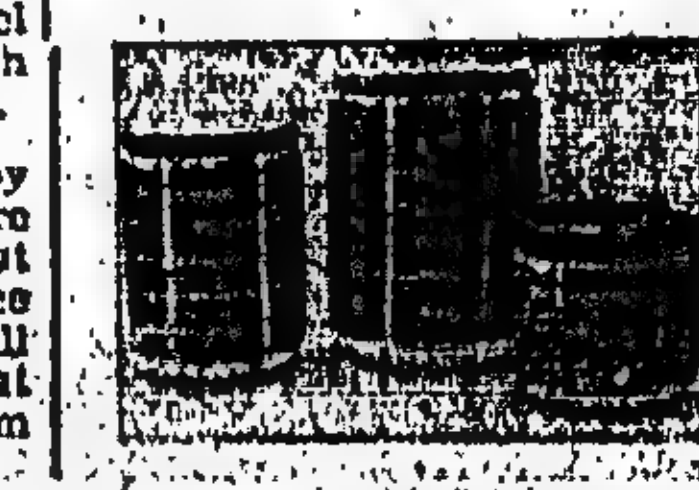
Serve with hollandaise sauce, wedges of lemon and tiny boiled potatoes. Top the sole with sliced mushrooms.

A HONEY OF A DESSERT

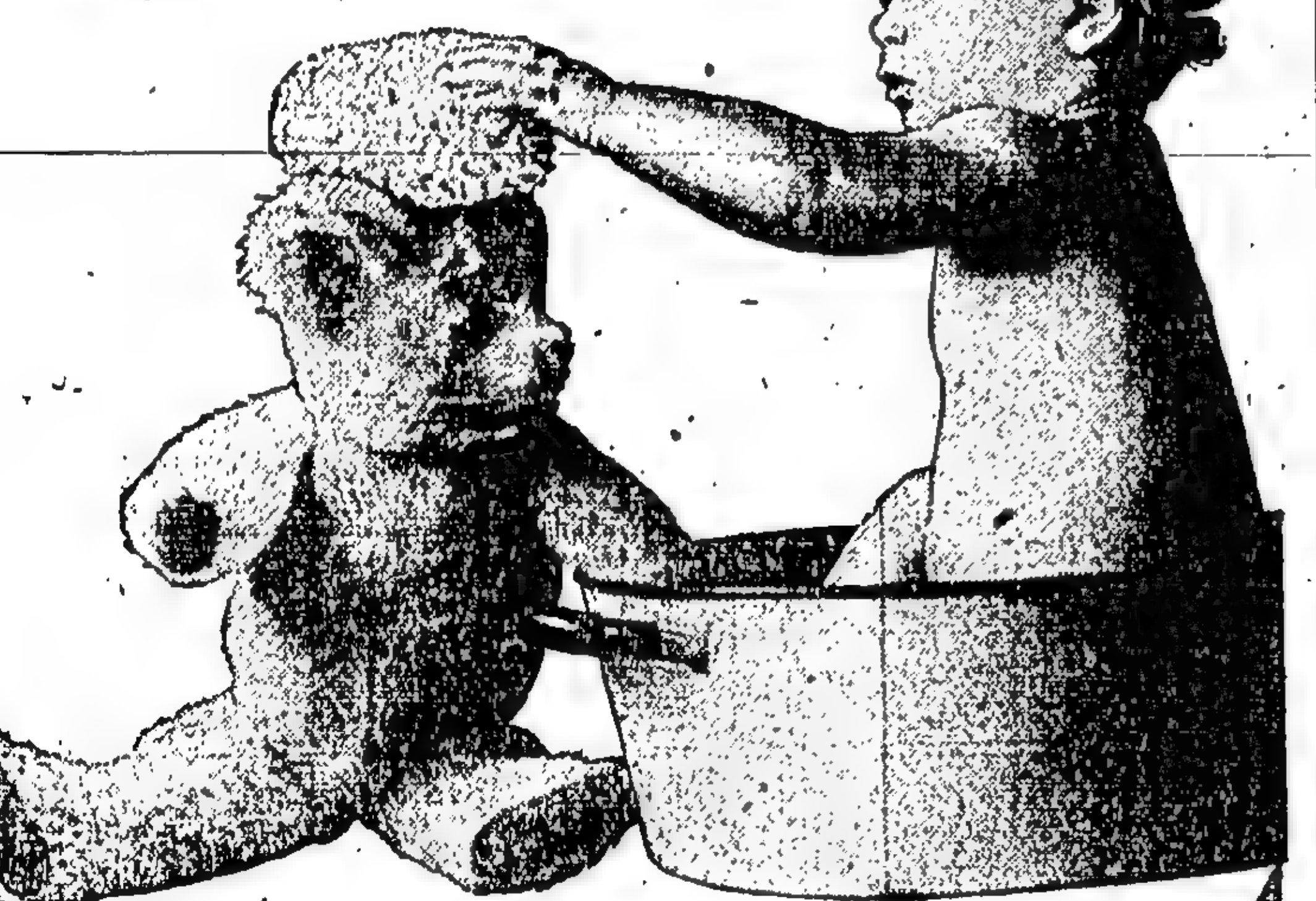
NEW YORK. End the meal with this pineapple and honey dessert. Cut fresh pineapple into long thin spears. In a buttered baking dish, alternate the pineapple and bananas, cut lengthwise into quarters. Pour 1 cup honey over all and bake in a hot oven for about 40 minutes. Bake several times while baking. The dish may be served warm or chilled, but warm is better.

If you tire of plastics...

CHANGE from the plastics and the primary colours: a row of pottery terracotta jars in white-checked grey, pale green or yellow. The beechwood tops are rubber-ringed to make the jars air-tight—screw them down firmly as the new rubber tends to be bouncy.



Balance is important



Correct balance in infant feeding is especially important, but modern mothers wisely leave this problem to the scientists who spend their lives in research to ensure that Cow & Gate Milk Food contains just the right proportion of all the elements necessary to robust and healthy development. That is why 14 Royal Babies to date have been fed on this food of Kings and King of foods. Can you do better for your baby?



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RODERICK MANN'S show business



Now Cherokee Rainwater joins the bedlam boys

RECORD ROUND BY RAMSDEN GREIG

JUST when a fellow (with a sidelong glance at Wee Willie Harris's red-dyed hair) thinks he has seen everything, in comes a cable from America telling me to expect Mr Marvin Rainwater in Britain in person in April.

Mr Rainwater is a new name to add to the ranks of the guitar-bashing bedlam boys. He is also a Cherokee Indian.

Furthermore, when he performs his stage chores in April he will do so dressed in Red Indian costume. He tells me: "This is no gimmick. It is just I am proud of my Cherokee blood."

I promised, if free, to attend his first night in my kit.

Meanwhile hear Mr Rainwater on Whole Lotta Woman (MGM 78). Heap good record for those who feel like gyrating round a totem pole. What I like about Mr Rainwater's record is that you can make out the words.

Blue-eyed boys

• Nixa puts three of its blue-eyed boys and one of its blue-eyed girls on Hit Parade No. 8 (46). Gary Miller sings The Story of My Life; Lonnie Donegan, Jack O'Diamonds; Edmund Hoekbridge; I'll Buy You a Star; and Marion Ryan, Love Me Forever. Miss Ryan's is the track I'll wear out first. You can also find the lady on Always and Forever (Nixa, 78), her latest.

• New names turn up in the booming record business daily. I present the Four Jacks, four young matelots in Her Majesty's Royal Navy. Sheila Van Daman gave them their first break in a charity show. Now they have a record contract with Decca. Their first disc, Prayer Of Love (Decca, 78), could stand with a little more polishing. But despite that, it sold 25,000 copies during its first seven days on the shop counters.

• If anyone is still interested in how a guitar should be played

RECORD ROUND

by RUDOLF KLEIN

IT'S A RACE TO WOO THE OPERA LOVER.

THREE opera companies—at Drury Lane, Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells—are currently competing for London audiences. But even more severe is the competition among the recording companies.

A new version of a well-known opera is Richard Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier (Columbia 33 CK 1402-5). Herbert von Karajan, conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, shows how Strauss's opulent music can be made to sound both luxurious and lucid.

Elizabeth Schwarzkopf sings superbly as the Marshallin—the ageing woman who gracefully surrenders her youthful lover to a young girl.

Neglected

This brilliant recording makes Covent Garden's long neglect of the opera even more inexplicable. Less surprising is the fact that Ponchielli's La Gioconda (Decca LXT 6400-2) is never seen in London. The music is robust, the plot improbable.

Anita Cerquetti—who was called in to substitute for Maria Callas when the prima donna stumbled out of the Rome Opera House—sings the title role. Her voice is big and confident, but lacks the tragic edge of Mme.

Callas who, on this showing, has little to fear from her rival. Mario del Monaco's tenor voice has the power of a pile driver—and as much subtlety. Conductor: Gavazzeni.

New boom

An operatic composer whose reputation has recently boomed with the production of Les Troyens at Covent Garden—is Hector Berlioz. In his lifetime his works rarely achieved popularity. But a successful expedition was L'Enfance du Christ (RCA RB 16061-2).

This oratorio—on the subject of the flight of Mary and Joseph into Egypt—has the same dramatic intensity as his operas. The music is simple and melodic. It receives a moving performance from the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch.

The outstanding singer is Giorgio Tozzi, who takes three parts and at one stage has to talk to himself.

(London Express Service).

ROBERT PITMAN'S book page

"JUST think of the things I am not allowed," exclaimed the author. "No sex. No hard liquor. The only time I made my chaps drink anything stronger than orange juice my sales fell by 10 per cent."

In the elegant drawing-room of his elegant Queen Anne house Captain William Earle Johns, creator of Biggles, shifted his burly shoulders and sighed. He slapped a big hand on his burly knees.

He said: "Then think of swear-words. One publisher wouldn't let me use any expletives at all at first. But he relented and agreed to 'Oh dear' and 'Good gracious'. For stories about the Air Force, mind you."

"Imagine a chap messing up a landing, and then simply saying 'Good gracious! Well, it's not life-like, is it?'"

Captain Johns sighed again. Captain Johns stumped across to a large corner cupboard. He swung open the door and switched a light.

The Queen Anne cupboard became a cocktail bar.

"The previous owner fixed this," said Johns the tailor's son. "A chap called Lord Morechwood. Nice, eh?"

He has also just published his 50th Biggles book BIGGLES PRESSES ON (Hodder, 8s. 6d.).

Like the 49 others it is a small masterpiece of action without hard liquor. Like the others it will quickly tick up sales figures for in excess of the average adult best-seller.

DEVILISH BUG

FOR even the bad things which happen to the man behind Biggles are the calamities of success.

Such as the time when he was ill a few years back ("some devilish bug I'd picked up on holiday in North Africa"). Lying weak, unable to work, Johns was handed in a demand for his previous year's taxes. The figure on the bill—£16,000.

How has Johns, son of a Hertford tailor, managed to come in the sweet pain of tax bills like that?

In the drawing-room at Hampton Court he told me: "That's the Royal Padiot. I often see the Queen there with her children and the Queen Mother, right below this window. I hear some fascinating things. I can tell you."

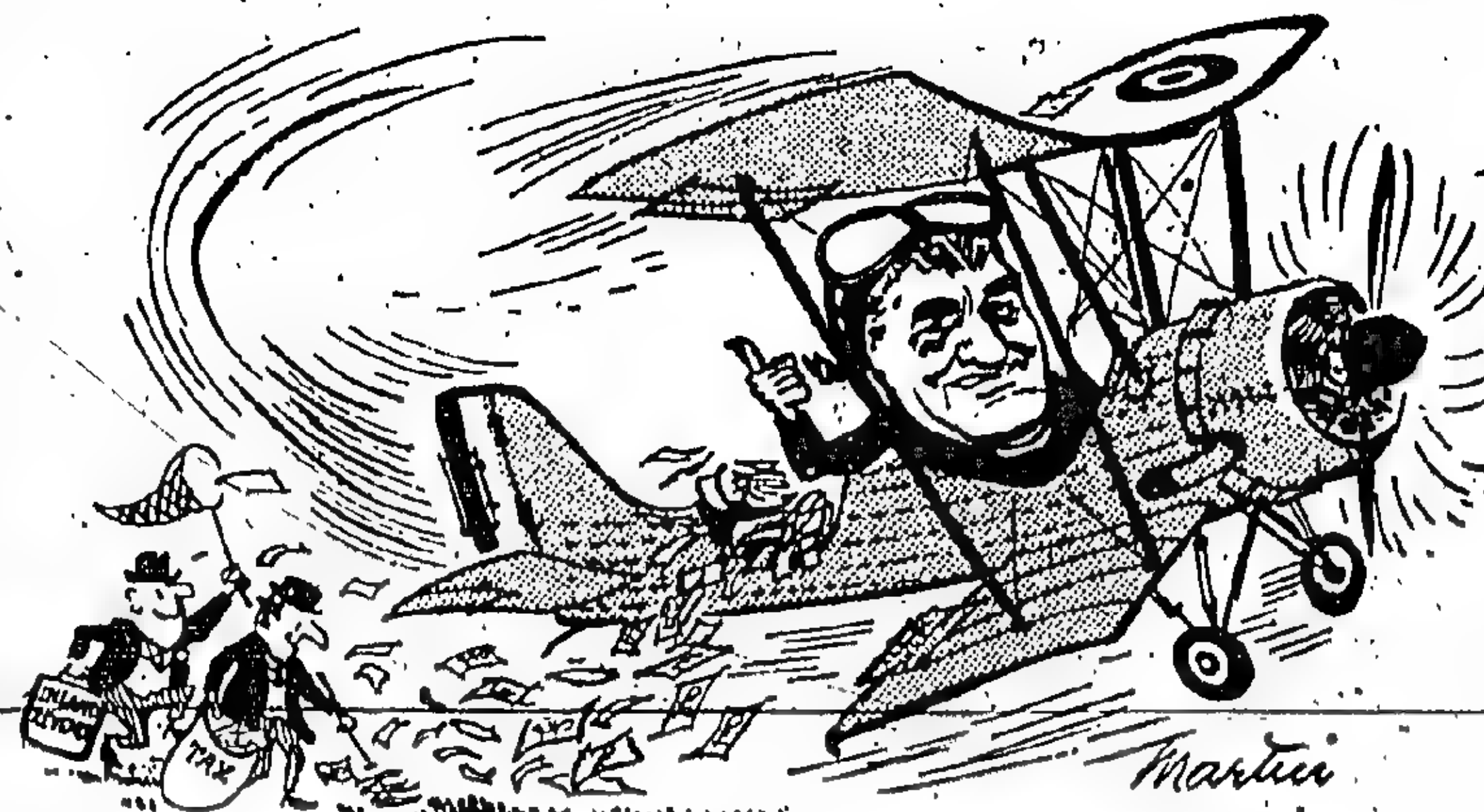
"One day the children were nearly killed by a horse, and you should have heard the Queen Mother kicking off her daughter about it."

We looked at the long rows of Biggles books, Johns said: "They didn't make me much money at first. You see, the Oxford University Press said you couldn't have royalties for children's books."

"My chief motive then was to make young boys air-

Biggles, the model hero, scores his half-century

THE AUTHOR WHO MUSTN'T MENTION SEX



Biggles has brought Johns success... he has also brought a £16,000 tax bill.

mindful in Britain. I'd paid one or two visits to Germany. 'Willi Messerschmitt told me about his order book—with 8,000 100's down on it. Well, I'm an Imperialist, I don't mind saying, I've always believed in the Empire. I was really alarmed."

I found myself wondering what could Biggles really teach about escaping? Johns said:

"You know I escaped from the Germans myself in 1918. We were bombing cities like Mannheim under Trenchard."

"We didn't think much of him, by the way. He knew nothing about it at all. Lived in a chateau miles from the airfield."

"Well, one day in September I had to turn back from a raid because my plane had been hit and my cockpit was full of petrol. I looked down and there was a swarm of Huns. I went like a bat out of hell, but they were new Fokker D.7's and just shot me to pieces."

"I came down at a village near Strasbourg, and the chap that got me landed too. He was Ernst Udet—one of the decent Germans."

"He walked up to my plane, saluted my gunner who was dead and then saluted me. He got the local doctor to patch me up. Then the other Germans got at me. They wanted to know what I had done with my bomb."

"All I could say was: 'I don't know. I just pulled the

FARCICAL

JOHNS looked out across the trees of Duxbury Park. He said: "Then I made my first attempt at escape. I was wearing German prisoner dress, but an American prisoner in the exercise yard suggested we should have a go at getting out through the bars of the lavatory window."

"I got stuck, and a guard outside started swiping at me with his bayonet. So I was trying to squeeze back and the American was pushing me on. It was really farcical."

"Later I went to a prison camp. The Germans had dropped the execution idea then. I escaped and wandered about for five days. It was awful. I was cold and hungry at the beginning of November. I think I was glad when a farmer with a shotgun finally caught me in his orchard."

MODEST, LOYAL

THEN are the adventures of Biggles based on the adventures of Johns? Johns explained: "Biggles is the quiet sort of Britisher. I really admire Modest, loyal, much braver than me. I used to get really scared."

Downstairs Mrs Johns called us to afternoon tea. As I left, lights were glimmering across the road in Hampton Court Palace.

Earlier, when I arrived, I had smiled at the contrast of Johns, the prosperous Biggles man, and the impoverished Johns of Hampton. I smiled no longer.

I thought of those letters upstairs, from the Zulu boy, from children all over the world. I thought of the simple British ideals of William Johns put into print.

I realised that this burly ex-airman has really earned his stately Hampton home. As a propagandist he may be achieving more for Britain than all the lecturers of the British Council put together.

IN BRIEF

THE MAPMAKER, by Frank G. Slaughter.

There are few more intriguing figures in the world of books than American author Slaughter. Underneath his surname, he began his living as a surgeon. Then 10 years ago he took to writing instead. For Slaughter, the change has paid off. Although his books rarely get any reviews in Britain they always get thousands of readers.

Across the Channel—in France, Spain, Italy—he seems to sell. You can't always get a Slaughter at an airport book-stall on the Continent.

What is Slaughter's secret? Perhaps it is the triple-chance scheme of writing which runs through his 20 books.

First he writes a Biblical novel. Sample: The Scarlet Cord, based broadly on the story of Rahab, the harlot of Jericho (Jeroids, 16s.). Then comes a spy novel. Sample: Sword and Scalpel—bringing you blood and romance from the Korean War (Jaroids, 15s.). And now, to complete the regular Slaughter cycle, we have The Mapmaker, an historical romance rich in detail and set among the slave galleys, the explorers and the politicians of the fifteenth century. To all lovers of history, action I warmly recommend it (Jaroids, 15s.).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



SOME PEOPLE CAN SELL, AND OTHERS WILL BUY, CHANCES ON ANYTHING.



OH WELL, IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE.



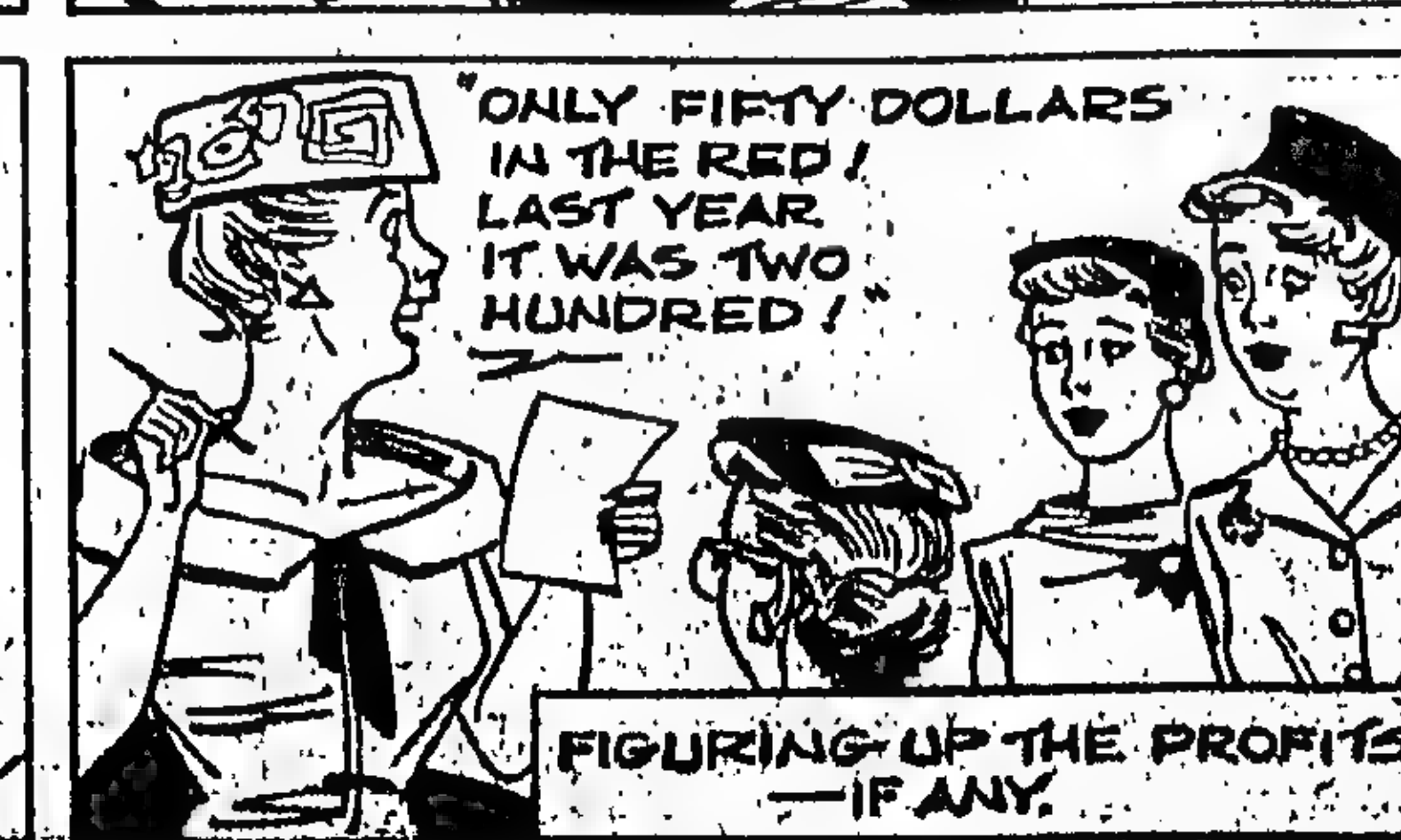
WHO'S THE BIG SHOT?



The Benefit By Harry Weinert

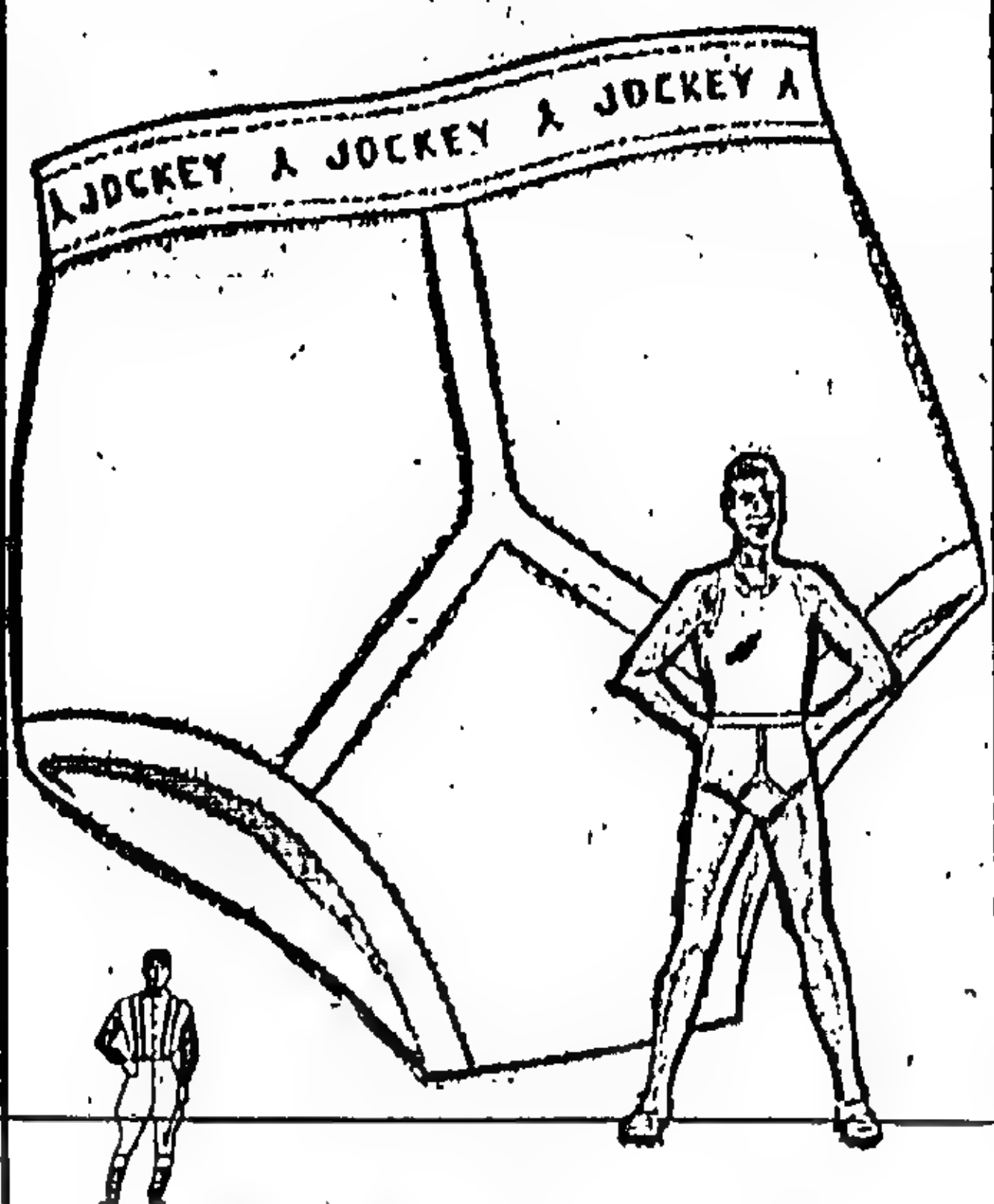


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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

12th RACE MEETING

Saturday 19th and Sunday 20th April, 1958

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 20 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Buds at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may not be allowed to use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$40.00 each for both days and \$20.00 for each day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, Chater Road, and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the 1st day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 18th April, 1958, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 10th May, 1958, at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at—
Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Saturday, 12th April 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.
Saturday, 19th and Sunday, 20th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.
322, Nathan Road, Kowloon
Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Saturday, 12th April 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.
Saturday, 19th and Sunday, 20th April 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Bets are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS and TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENTS WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tea Men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary

JUNIOR SOFTBALL LEAGUE REVIEW

Seminole's Record Will Be Hard To Beat

Says "TIME OUT"

The 1957/58 Junior Softball League was full of surprises, except for one—and this was that the Seminoles would retain their Championship for yet another year. In fact it was a foregone conclusion and the only question was whether they would break the old record of consecutive wins, 19 in a row, set by the Junior Blackhawks during the 1950/51 playing season.

They not only did so, but went on to ring up another five victories until they met their Waterloo at the hands of the Cheyennes. No matter how you look at it, 24 straight wins is mighty impressive going and it will take some beating in the years to come.

Nine teams participated in the League. Right from the beginning it was obvious that the title would be fought for between the defending champs, the Seminoles, and their bitterest rivals, the Cheyennes.

However, this was no deterrent to other teams who looked longingly in the direction of the Ennis Leather Shield and made their presence felt as both the Seminoles and Cheyennes will testify.

Too much ink has already been spilled on the feats of Ed Carvalho and his tribe who won the title again, so what more can I add? Of course they had a well-balanced team and produced the current Batting Champ, Klondike Wong, but they would be the first to admit that the use of such adjectives as "fabulous", "incredible", etc., by over-enthusiastic friends was hardly justified.

They had a lot of confidence in their skipper, they played consistent ball and that about sums up the situation.

The consensus of opinion was that in the return game against the Cheyennes, after they had gone through the first round undefeated, the Seminoles looked like a third-rate outfit and when the Dodgers beat them 11 to 5 in the last game of the season this opinion was to some extent confirmed.

Of course it was easy to say "We didn't exert ourselves since the title had already been won, but I honestly thought they'd try hard to end the season with but a single loss. So much for the champs. Let's see how the other teams fared."

Went To Pieces

The Cheyennes made little or no impression at all until they avenged their first-round defeat at the hands of the Seminoles. They played championship ball then and it appeared they would eventually meet the tribe in a play-off, but sad to say internal dissension crept in and when the Dodgers sprung a shock win over them they just went to pieces.

A walkover to Wah Ying just about ruined any chances they might have had of a showdown with the Seminoles.

"Cigar" Sequerra, the Cheyennes' lanky pitcher, was outstanding during the season and together with Henry Vianco he tossed a no-hitter against the South China. The team as a whole lacked spirit, but all-arounder Manuel Xavier displayed a clean pair of heels to the rest of the League and ended up as runner-up to Klondike Wong in the batting race.

The third-placed Dodgers started off poorly but surprisingly enough stayed on top for a couple of weeks when manager Fred Dista got Reuben Dosta to sign on the dotted line. Dosta was just the tonic the Filipinos needed. They went down in a thrilling game to the Cheyennes and also bowed to the Seminoles.

Still in the running, they then threw everything away when two Dodger pitchers liberally gave away 10 walks to the Comets to lose the game—a one-hitter incidentally.

The Filipinos were a highly unpredictable bunch. They placed their faith in pitcher Despa and their most notable achievement was when in the second round they knocked the Cheyennes out of the Pennant race with a magnificent victory. As a team they didn't rise to the height, but no one can deny their immense value, least of all the Cheyennes!

Adverse Effect

When the first-round games began, Sheridan Hime's Comets started off like a house on fire. The severe thrashing they received at the hands of the champs had an adverse effect on team morale and they bowed out of the Pennant race.

The highlight of their season was the one-hit, no-run victory by the Comets over the Austers. Winning pitcher? John Goodair, a young man who had just been given hurling chores after a good showing in the Beginners League won by the Comets.

Goodair almost wrote his name in the record books when he narrowly missed his SECOND no-hitter. The Eagles' F. K. Lee ruined it with a puny single in the late stages of the game. Johnny Bryant was the season's find as a catcher and Michael Hussain, son of the well-known "Jindoo", wielded a wicked hooker. The Comets' fielding was sloppy, but they atoned for this by some good hitting.

Worked Wonders

The University of Hongkong will look back with some pride on the recently concluded season. They were all at sea in the Senior "B", but the switch to the Junior division worked wonders for them. They won

eight and lost eight to end up half-way in the League table.

Bill Silva and Frank Wong got a special vote of thanks for plotting them to a successful year, their best since they first picked up glove and ball.

George Chien and Albert Choi recorded an unusual achievement when they joined forces to toss a no-hitter against South China. Something never done before and if they want to rave about it who can blame them?

The U boys had ample batting strength as evidenced by their second-place showing in the team averages. Their fielding and base-running were poor. They registered over a 100 fielding errors. A little more perseverance and strenuous coaching during the summer will pay dividends.

The Austers of Shatin were noted not for ability but keenness and good sportsmanship. They won six out of 18, a much better showing than in previous years. Mentor Dave Cooper distinguished himself with a no-hitter against Wah Ying. The talent is there alright, but oh what they couldn't do with the help of an experienced coach! They were guilty of the most blatant fielding errors and with Cooper playing Senior ball prospects for the coming season don't look too bright.

Most Disappointing

The War Eagles tied with the Austers in the final standings. They were, to put it bluntly, most disappointing. Nobody seems able to place a finger on the reason for their failure so badly this year—unless lack of practice can be advanced as an excuse.

They had a better team than the one which finished in third place last season, yet they just plodded along and kept on slipping as the season progressed. "No-Hitter" Lau Man-jong had an indifferent pitching season and perhaps therein lies the reason for their decline.

Their only notable achievement was F. K. Lee's spilling of Goodair's no-hit performance and, apart from this isolated incident, they do not come in for special mention.

Their brother team, Wah Ying, kept them company in the League standings. Mostly beginners, they received a lot of experience at the expense of their own team, but they never gave up.

Unable

They were unable to acquire the services of any Senior Leaguer to give them some cues on how to play softball and so they just stuck to their guns and turned out for the sake of the sport and for the sake of pride. This writer wishes you a better season next year.

South China were this year's wooden spoonists. They played off only nine games before withdrawing. A great pity since they showed definite signs of improvement with each game. Mainstay Christo graduated to the Senior team and indications are that with a little coaching he will develop into a good hurler.

Well, there you have it. The Junior division is the springboard to softball fame and it bodes well for the future of the sport that right now we have so many youngsters ready to take over when their elders retire from the scene.

Your last few chances for nominating Hongkong's Footballer Of The Year

Fill in coupon below and send it in not later than MONDAY May 5

Inside Story Of National Winner

"I ALMOST GAVE UP"—WINNING JOCKEY

By STANLEY LANGLEY

It was the toughest as well as the richest Grand National. After Mr. What had won by 30 lengths from the struggling field of only seven finishers from 31 starters, this is what the "I can hardly believe it" winning jockey, Arthur Freeman, told me:

"I thought we had had it and I nearly allowed the horse to canter around at the rear of the field, virtually out of the race."

"What happened was this: Mr. What was nearly knocked out at the fence before Becher's first time round. He was so winded that I momentarily decided that was the end."

"To my surprise he suddenly began to pick up, and after passing horses after horses we were in the race again."

At Becher's second time round Mr. What took the lead from Gosander and drew away—but then, sensation...

With no rival near enough to think of putting in a challenge, Mr. What hit the last fence nearer the roots than the top, and only by a miracle did not finish up on the floor.

'My Fault'

Said Freeman: "It was really my fault because after looking round I didn't really side him into it. He was very clever indeed to find a leg and recover as he did."

Mr. What was 30 lengths clear of the second horse, Thibetta, at the post. Green Drill was further 15 lengths away third. Then came the favourite, Wyndburgh, Gosander, ESB, and Holly Bank.

Only by the winning stroke of more than £13,000 was the successful owner, Mr. David Joseph Coughlan, any financially better off from his triumph.

Said Mr. Coughlan: "I don't bet and didn't have a nickel on my horse."

Mr. Coughlan bought Mr. What from 60-year-old trainer Tom Taffie, whose son would have ridden the horse but for being previously engaged to ride Sam Brownthorn.

Lucky

Said Mr. Taffie: "I'm not disappointed that Toss couldn't take the mount and counted myself lucky we were able to get a jockey as Arthur Freeman."

By a coincidence Freeman himself only became available when Glenadee, for whom he was engaged, was struck out of the race.

Always confident that Mr. What would win a Grand National, Mr. Coughlan said he had been practising for a month to be calm for the occasion.

He added that he was full of hope when he received a letter from his 18-year-old daughter Maureen, who is at school in America. "She told me her teacher had decided that Mr. What was a jockey and I have always believed in dreams."

The success of Mr. What is one of the most remarkable of the century for he is still really only a novice chaser. He did not with his first race until last October and was only broken in when rising five years of age.

Gluepot

Undoubtedly the great disappointment of the race was the running of Wyndburgh, who finished a very tired horse. Explained jockey "Dick" Batchelor: "The going was really like a gluepot. He is not a big horse and in the circumstances he ran remarkably well."

Dave Dick endorsed Batchelor's statement, saying: "ESB has never jumped better, but he just could not handle the sticky going and was well beaten before we came on to the racecourse the last time."

Casualties

Gosander, a muddler, ran well but failed to get the trip. He led the field as they passed the stands the first time when, for once in a while, the majority of the field were still standing. The real casualties began to pile up going into the country on the second circuit.

Engle Lodge was another who succumbed to the going. Alan Coughlan explaining that he pulled him up at the fence after Valentine's second time round because "he wasn't really going well in the soft ground."

The bad conditions were shown by the time of 10min. 11-sec., well below the average of nine and a half minutes.

Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail, My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the Club.

(Signed)

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which country won the most gold medals at the first modern Olympic Games at Athens in 1896?
2. Name two of the three boxers who lasted 15 rounds in a world heavyweight title fight against Joe Louis?
3. Who won a world boxing title on Boxing Day, 1906?
4. Which rugby country won this year's International Championship?
5. Whose world record did Len Hutton break by scoring 364 runs in the 1938 Oval Test match?
6. Who is the only athlete to have won five gold medals at one British Empire Games meeting?
7. Which famous racehorse won the Cheltenham Gold Cup five times and the Grand National?
8. Which famous cricketer said: "There are two teams in the field and one of them is not playing cricket?"
9. Fred Perry won the Wimbledon singles title in three successive years. Whom did he beat in the final?
10. What's the name? An American Indian...became best all-round American footballer...won Olympic Pentathlon and Decathlon...professional baseball player...subject of a film. (Answers see page 17).

John Charles Has Learned To Swank

By DAVID JACK

"John Charles has improved at least 50 per cent since Christmas," says an Italian friend. I can tell him that Jim Murphy, Manchester United acting manager, is mainly responsible.

When Charles was home in February, he confessed to Murphy that he was not playing as well as he could. Said Jimmy: "I know it's out of character, but you've got to assist yourself more. Swank a bit. Put on a show. Look at the way Di Stefano struts around. You're every bit as good as he, and you ought to act like it."

Now "Big" John has written to Jimmy saying he took the advice and it has made all the difference to his game.

Peter's Ready

Blackpool are going to miss their promising utility-forward, Brian Peterson, who leaves soon for his homeland of South Africa. But it could be a case of "one out and one in."

Another Springbok is waiting for his big chance in the Blackpool first XI. His name is Peter Hauser, a right-half, and he's a big gun (6ft. 2in.).

Predicts manager Joe Smith: "Once Hauser gets in, they'll have a job getting him out again."

Sports Diary

TODAY

12th Race Meeting, (First Day)
Happy Valley, 2 p.m.

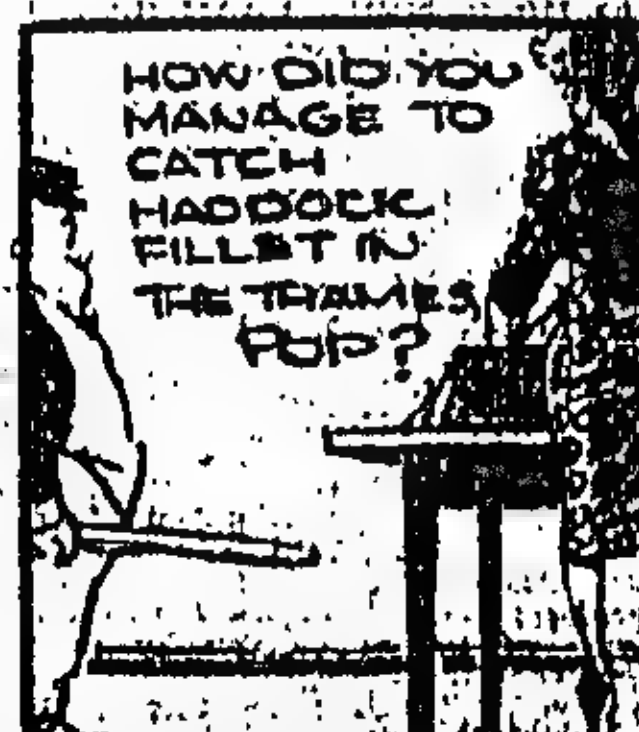
1st Division: Kwong Wah v. Jardines (12.5 p.m.)
2nd Division: RAN Sat Win v. HAKC (Club) 2 p.m.; South China v. Cambridge Hill (Club) 2 p.m.; RAN v. Navy (Navy) 2 p.m.; Arsenal v. Friarland (Friarland) 2 p.m.; Telephone (Tel) 2.30 p.m.; Club v. Chinese (Club) 3 p.m.; Dodwell v. South China (Club) 3.30 p.m.; RAN v. RAN (RAN) 3.30 p.m.; CAT v. Medhurst (div) 5 p.m.

Crickets
Friendly Game: HKCC "Marines" v. Cambridge Hill & RAN at KGV ground, 1.30 p.m.

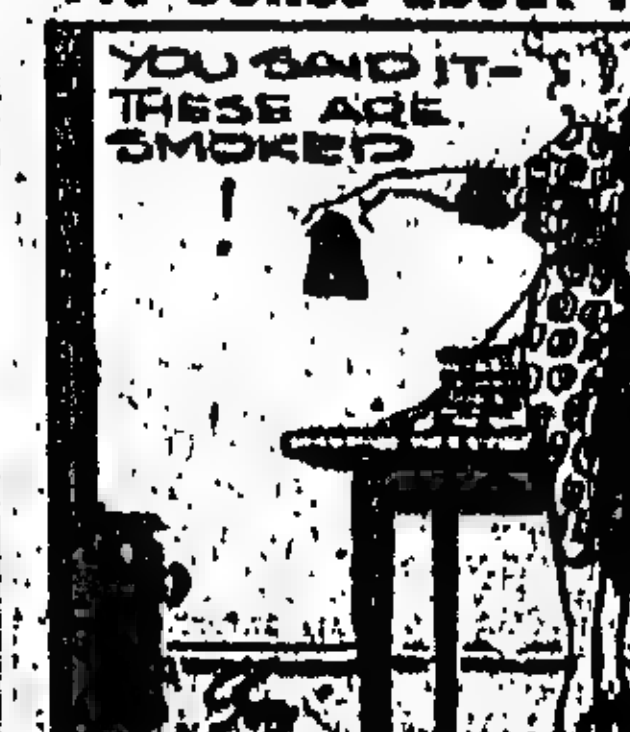
Ice Hockey
Cup Games: HKC v. Army "A" (10.30 a.m.)
International: Scotland v. Portugal (5.45 p.m.)

Badminton
Presentation of badminton prizes at 10.30 a.m.

POP



No bones about it



RACE FOR LEAGUE HONOURS NOT OVER YET

WELSH DOUBLE-CROSSED ON JOHN CHARLES

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Wales have been double-crossed with John Charles being refused permission to play for them in the World Cup. In my hearing Welsh FA officials were assured by Juventus that Charles would be released. What I cannot understand is why Italy fail to produce so few home stars from their 5,000 teams and 120,000 registered players.

Jack Kelsey may be the first footballer to be dropped on a League ground by helicopter when Swindon's assistant manager, Bert Davies, takes his well earned benefit at the County Ground, on Monday, April 21.

Late that afternoon Arsenal's goalkeeper is featuring in an ITV Children's Hour programme at Chelsea and couldn't do the journey in time by train, but Swindon are so keen to get him there that they've suggested laying on a ground-to-ground helicopter.

Tour Bait

I understand Arsenal winger Dan Le Roex is returning to South Africa at the end of this season. So, too, is Blackpool's utility forward Brian Peterson. Why?

Most likely reason is that they can be reinstated as amateurs two months after arriving back home—and South Africa have a world tour ahead.

Idea for all-stars who continue to attract big crowds for charitable causes—a match against the sons of old stars.

The "offspring" line-up could be something like this: Swindin, Male, Hoggood, Jackson, Dodgin, Dewar, Barrett, Herd, Goulden, and Mitten. Can anybody help out with that vacant right wing position?

A Comeback

Jackie Stamp, who used to go dizzy "stogging" between Fitzly Carter and Peter Doherty at Derby, has made a comeback with Burton Albion.

Stories about Jackie's physical strength are legendary at the Eusebius Ground. One story goes that he once absconded with a car, drove to the house and left the grand piano on the side-walk. In my opinion Stamp was the most underrated centre-forward of his day.

Two reasons why Plymouth fans should stop criticising Jack Rowley for being pipped by Grimsby for the signature of Tommy Briggs are: (a) Black-burn wanted more than postage stamps; (b) Plymouth was too far from Grimsby for Briggs to keep in touch with his most business.

"It must come" declares Finchley FC official Jim Young in connection with the proposal to amalgamate the Isthmian and Athenian leagues.

Don't make me laugh. Somebody will get to the moon first. They were saying the same thing when I attended a merger meeting between the Isthmian, Athenian, Spartan and London Leagues 26 years ago.

Missed 'Em

With the NE clubs doing so badly these days, one wonders how it is they manage to miss so many up-and-coming players on their own doorstep.

For instance, Bobby Smith, whose scoring feats for "Spurs" have made him a firm England World Cup candidate, so yearned to be back on his native



BOBBY SMITH, Spurs centre-forward and an England World Cup candidate, is a native of Teeside. How did the North-Eastern clubs come to miss him?

Tees-side shortly after joining Chelsea that he was sent home to Middlesbrough for a spell.

If Mansfield Town's training methods are puzzling fans down Portsmouth way it isn't altogether surprising after the amazing Sammy Chapman affair.

Signed to help Portsmouth out of relegation trouble, this centre-forward is still in the reserves at his own request because he discovered the training more strenuous than he was accustomed to at Mansfield.

But there's nothing wrong with Mansfield's training schedule. The only difference is the speedier requirements of First Division football.

Chapman and his Stratton Park team mate, Derek Dougan, are seemingly inseparable for any length of time. They were born in the same Belfast street, played for the same school and senior amateur side, separated on turning professional, but came together again in the same Portsmouth lodgings.

Best centre-forward prospect to have seen" is manager Eddie Lever's summing up of Chapman.

Keen On Hannah Lincoln are still being pestered for George Hannah, with West Ham the most persistent bidders. When Joe Harvey was slipping Newcastle's successful Cup sides, he told me: If Hannah doesn't play for England one of these days I'll throw my golf clubs into the North Sea.

Bold words those, because there are few things Joe loves more than his golf clubs. He can use 'em, too.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. USA (nine).
2. Tommy Farr; Arturo Godoy; Jersey Joe Walcott.
3. Jack Johnson, world heavyweight title.
4. England.
5. Wally Hammond's 336 not out against New Zealand in 1933.
6. Declina Moore of Australia.
7. Golden Miller.
8. Bill Woodfull, Australian cricket captain, during the 1932-33 "bodyline" Test series against England.
9. Gottfried von Cramm (twice) and John Crawford.
10. Jim Thorpe.

Busmen Can Still Thwart The Caroliners In Their Search For The Double

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The Senior soccer scene shifts to Singapore this week—and the temporary absence of any important games from the calendar gives us an excellent chance to sit back and take a timely look at our football affairs.

First let us take stock of our teams and their achievements. It seems that only a major upheaval of form can stop South China from making a clean sweep of the season's prizes. If they succeed it will be the second season in succession in which they have proved their superiority over all opposition and, whether or not you like any kind of monopoly, there can be no denying that the Caroline Hill boys have been away out on their own as far as consistency and endeavour are concerned.

It is true, of course, that the race for League honours is not yet over and it is equally true that KMB could still thwart the Champions in their search for the double, but the fact of the matter is that the Busmen have already sacrificed their long held points advantage and are now virtually a point poorer than South China. Their chances of ridding up that narrow, but vital, leadway are now rather remote.

The Difference

The difference between these two leading teams has really been in their available Reserve strength. The Busmen have tried to struggle through the season with eleven first team players and a star goalkeeper in reserve. Apart from Kwok Chow-ming they have lacked a single recognised or automatic replacement for an injured senior man.

When Chow Shui-hung was suspended they produced Ng Tim-loy as a replacement but, at best, he was never better than a stopgap... and that has been true of the other players they have brought into the side from time to time.

KMB have probably learned their lesson. Championship cannot be won on a tight shoe-string of playing talent.

Reserve Strength

No team... however high its spirit... can hope to go through a whole season with an inadequacy of reserve strength, and if the Busmen really intend to make a serious challenge next season they must set about building up their second team strength now.

Strangely enough this same problem has worried South China too, but their excellent club facilities have enabled them to blood their youngsters in a progressive succession of practice games in which they have been able to play with, and against, the men they have to replace when an emergency arises.

This is, of course, an invaluable soccer education and it has enabled South China to introduce young players when the occasion has demanded without fear of their not fitting into the team plan. The South China reserves this season have been far from brilliant but they have been adequate... and that has been the real difference between the Champions and their nearest challengers.

If South China eventually win the League title, they will do so simply because they have been better equipped to stay the Championship distance than

any of their rivals. They have excellent training and coaching facilities and what is more important they use them to the maximum... For that reason alone, and there are others equally valid, they deserve any honours which they win. It shall be very surprised indeed if they do not make it a "Double Double."

The so-called "big game" at the Hongkong Stadium last Sunday was just about the biggest disappointment the local fans have had to accept in a long long time. The inclement weather set an ideal background for the miserable stuff that was to follow and if the scowling weather clerk had found a place for himself in the Kitchee front rank he could not have done worse than some of the regulars who played there. It was a crumbling Kitchee side at its absolute worst.

Remedial Action

Quite apart from the shocking opposition offered by Kitchee there were several aspects of the game which must surely give the Hongkong Football Association cause for thought... and one hopes... cause for remedial action.

For a long time Kitchee have infringed rule after rule in the matter of little things that are more annoying than prejudicial to the progress of the game.

We can still recall, for example, the long tug-of-war regarding the playing of schoolboys in League football, and how one side had to be strengthened out to bring the rules into line.

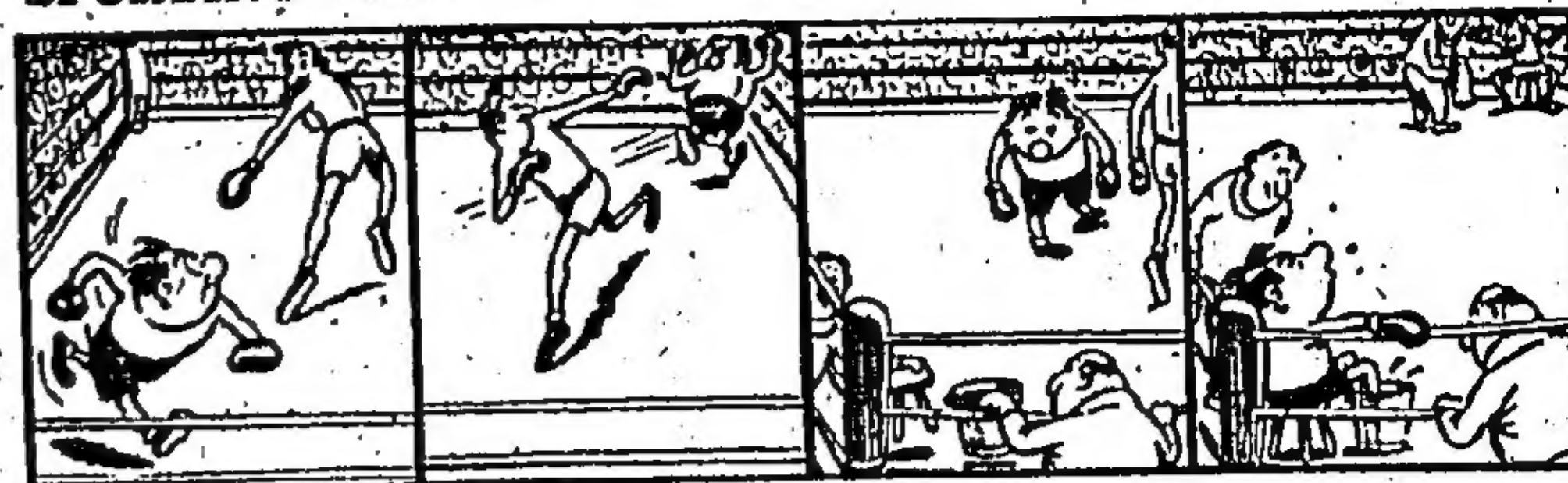
For the last couple of seasons Kitchee have changed their playing colours as regularly as a sickle woman changes her mind and they have done it with a complete disregard for the fact that the HKFA has definite rules about registered colours: about when they should be worn, and when they may be changed.

Permission?

Last Sunday they played the first half of the game in white shirts with a blue "V" in front. It was, of course, a deplorable day and when the players took their break their rain-soaked shirts bore a heavy coating of mud. It was right that they should have a change of playing kit but... and I have every reason to believe my facts are accurate... when they took the field for the second half they had changed into dark blue shirts... without seeking official permission to make the colour change.

SPORTING SAM

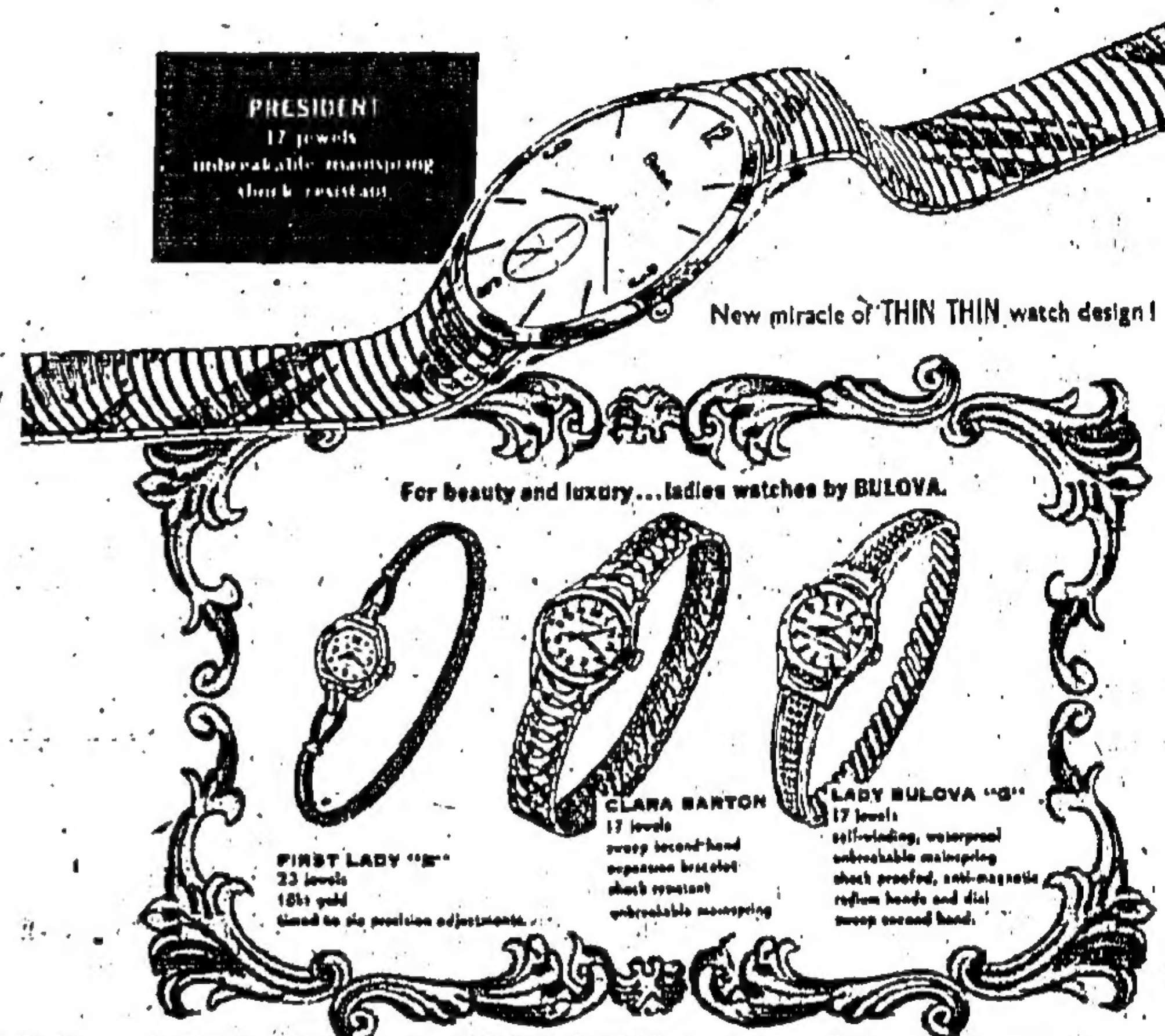
by Reg. Wootton



BULOVA

every hour of the day

be your timekeeper



TV SNACKS GET HIGHER RATINGS WITH THIS

fresh, clean taste!



Nothing does it
like Seven-Up

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



Cooking Problems Solved



★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

★ ★ ★

THE BIRD WORLD'S GREATEST TRAGEDY

INSIDE a brick memorial built near Henderson, Ky., to honour the famous naturalist, John James Audubon, are original paintings of a bird that boys and girls of today have never seen.

Yet less than a century ago, ornithologists estimated we had no less than 5 billion on the wing.

That is the tragedy of our passenger pigeon, victim of man's greed.

Back in 1814, a St. Louis newspaper carried a small news item to the effect that the last surviving passenger pigeon had died in the Zoological Gardens at Cincinnati. The bird, named Martha in honour of Mrs. Washington, was the last of the species.

This was 380 years after their first mention by the French



corded by different historians, all amazing.

Ornithologist Alexander Wilson, at the time on route from Shelbyville to Frankfort, Ky., in 1811, stopped at Benson Creek to observe a flight of these birds. This column was more than a mile in width, took four hours to pass its vantage point. He estimated that there were more than 2 billion birds in this one great flock, travelling a mile a minute.

John James Audubon observed another flight in Kentucky in 1831, and noted in his notes that he was sure it contained more than a billion birds. An army major by the name of Kings, commander of a fort near Toronto, Canada, observed an even greater flock. It took the flight more than 10 hours to pass! He estimated it contained nearly 4 billion birds.

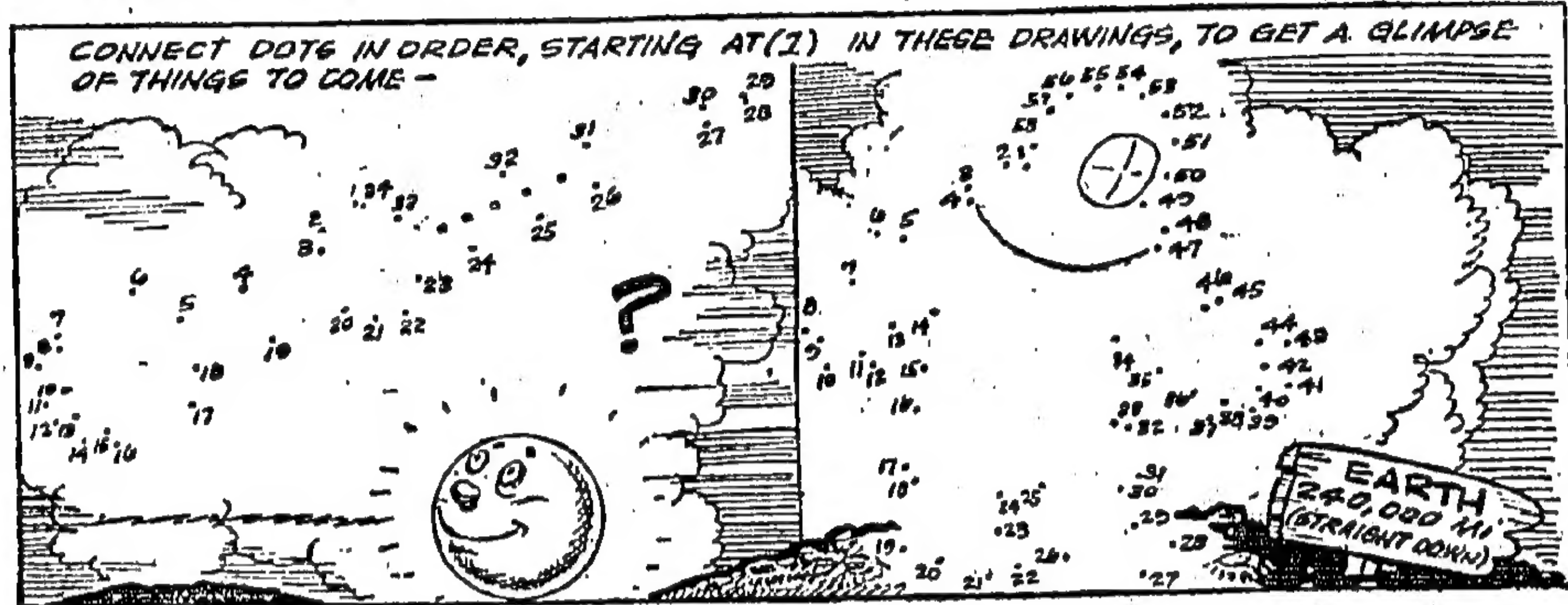
The passenger pigeon was once America's commonest bird. Measuring about 7 inches in length, it resembled today's mourning dove, except it was larger, weighing about a pound. Greedy hunters killed them by the millions. They sold in city markets for a penny each. The birds were clubbed, nests were robbed, roosts were dynamited. The carnage went on until, near the turn of the twentieth century, the passenger pigeon was on the decline.

In Wyandus State Park at the junction of the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, is a small marker reading: "Dead Passenger Pigeon shot in Babcock, September 1899."

Today, we have conservation laws that protect the birds, and it is wild life. But the passenger pigeon, one of our most beautiful birds, is gone forever.

—GROVES BRINKMAN

TAKE A TRIP INTO OUTER SPACE



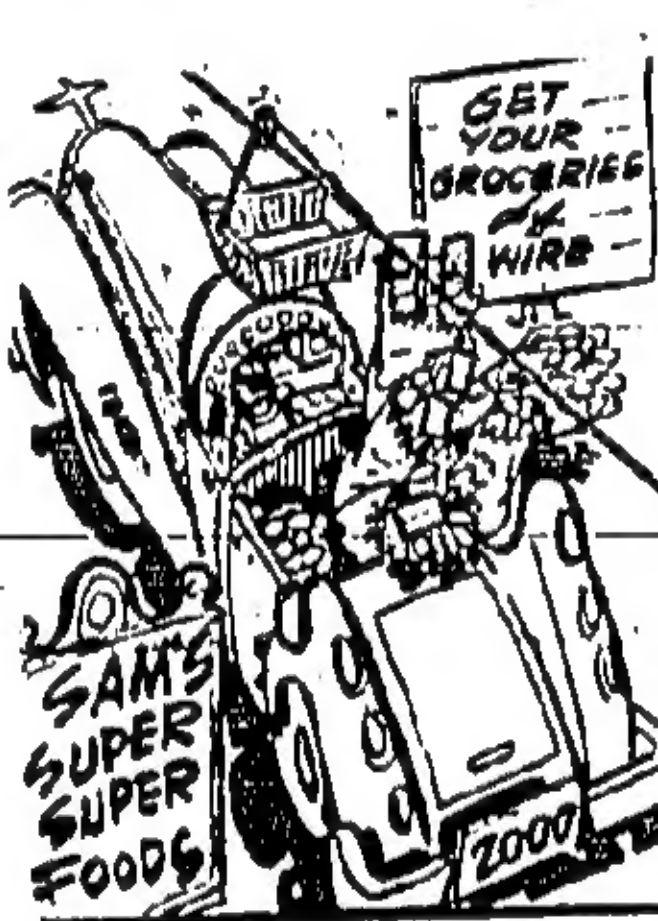
Will Supermarkets Be Like This?

IN the year 2000, the average family will drive into a super-auto-grocery mart and buy an entire week's groceries without leaving their car.

The lady of the house or her husband will simply drive into a specially prepared parking area, and a network of overhead wires connected with the grocery store.

Out from under the dashboard will come a portable drawer-size three-dimensional television set, complete with attached radio.

The housewife will sit at once and tell the radio, what she wants to see. The TV set will then show the store's selection of what the customer has to see. The TV also will describe the different sizes and qualities.



When the customer decides what she wants, she will say, "This is an order; I want so many pounds of, etc."

When the customer uses the word "order," her connection to the radio, which records her order and moves to release the item wanted into a shopping bag. At the same time, the item's cost is listed on a charge tape.

When the customer finally finishes her order, she tells the radio to "add, charge, and deliver the order to auto license number—under store wire number—"

An automatic process adds the charge tape and records the charge. Then the same mechanism sends the shopping bill out to the customer's car on a carrier attached to the store wire overhead.

Meanwhile, the charge is being processed by the 2000-year method of using cheques to pay bills.

Instead of the customer writing the cheque, the store owner writes it, and the amount is subtracted from the customer's bank account.

Of course, only cheques written by pre-authorized store owners are accepted for payment by the banks.

Stores in the year 2000 will have a simple protection against being cheated. If they wish, every car entering the parking area will automatically have all its occupants photographed.

—MANUEL ALMADA

MYSTERIES OFFER GOOD READING

If you like to tuck a problem and see right and justice triumph, the mystery and adventure stories are for you. Every year these types of books get better. Here are some dandy newcomers you will find on the mystery shelf in your library.

"Mystery Walks the Campus" by Annette Turnage is a top-notch story about a girl who solves a mystery.

"Twisted Shadow" by Edith Dorian combines a forest ranger, a masked prowler and an amiable snake named Junior! Stirred well together, they make a suspenseful book.

Rhoda Brown believes that the book of her friend, killed in Korea, has been plagiarized. In "Remembered Island" by Barbi

Arden, she engages in an exciting search to find proof of the theft.

"The Plume Hunters Mystery" by May Wickerson Wallace features the wildlife of the Florida Everglades in 1916. Teen-agers help apprehend a dealer in illicit egret plumes.

In "The Hill of the Red Fox" by Allan McLean, sinister plotters seem to lurk everywhere in the mist and heather of Scotland. Alasdair Cameron is involved in grim adventures almost as good as Robert Louis Stevenson. And who could say more?

Strugglers and a cat named Macadam unexpectedly work together to end a feud in "Hidden Lights" by Rene Prud'hommeaux. Here fast action adds up to good entertainment.

You won't want to miss "Mystery at the Mountain Face" by C. N. Covan, and Emmy West... what's inside the old



planot: "The Singing Trees Mystery" by Norvin Falas... "The Singing Trees" by Norvin Falas... "The Singing Trees" by Norvin Falas...

DISCOVERIES RAISE A QUESTION

NOAH'S Ark, we are taught, came to rest upon Mount Ararat. And, say, many students, it is still there. If it is still there, you may ask, why has it remained undiscovered for so long?

While Mount Ararat is not one of the highest mountains in the world, it is nearly 17,000 feet high. Also, the top is covered with ice and snow and storms are frequent.

Many expeditions have tried to reach the ark in the past 50 years but only two actually claim to have discovered it.

One was a Russian party. But neither brought back any proof of their find and many people doubted that they had seen the ark at all.

But in the summer of 1935 a Frenchman, Fernand Navarra, and his schoolboy son hacked off a 50-pound piece of wood from an eagle's perch with ice. They brought it back to France with them and experts have now estimated this wood to be 5,000 years old. It is from a species of oak.

It is this, the biblical Noah's Ark? Born dimly through the ice, it is about 500 feet long. According to the Bible the length of the ark is "300 cubits." A ship that big. For building a

ship is no carpenter's job. If the work is not done properly the craft may buckle (and break in the middle) or overturn and sink.

But we still don't know if the object discovered actually is the ark. That will have to wait until it is removed from the ice that has covered it for 5,000 years.

—R. S. CHAGGS



Now, Gingerbread House Of Fairy Tale Really Exists

REMEMBER the Grimm Brothers fairy tale about Hansel and Gretel finding a house made of good things to eat in the Enchanted Forest?

Of course you knew, even when you were very young, that the story was the result of imagination and that there wasn't any witch's house really.

But now there really is a witch's house! It was opened to the public in 1930. Situated on the rolling countryside of northern New Jersey, this Gingerbread Castle is there for all to see.

Gingerbread Castle was built because of a man's love for children. His name is F. H. Bennett.

When Bennett was a little boy he loved to sit on the door at his mother's feet and listen to the many fairy tales which she told so well.

As the years went on, Bennett never forgot the tales. He remembered that as a little child he had often wondered what these fairy places would look like if they were real. He hoped that some day he could build a make-believe land which all children could visit and enjoy, as he would have enjoyed such a place when he was a child.

BENNETT BECAME a success in business and had the money with which to create the fairyland of his dreams. But he had no practical ideas about how to go about it.

Then something happened which gave him many ideas. One night he went to see Humperdink's famous opera, "Hansel and Gretel." Deeply inspired by the stage settings, Bennett got the idea of building a gingerbread castle which would have in it figures of fairy tale characters.

He designed the "Hansel and Gretel" set was Joseph Urban, who had once received the grand prize for his art of decorating and architecture.

Urban had the credit of introducing new stage art to America, using colour in broad masses, scenes painted in brocade, and designing costumes with consideration of the play of light.

WHAT MORE PERFECT accommodations could anyone want for such a dream as Bennett had?

He went to see Joseph Urban and told him about his dream castle. Much to his delight, Urban was enthusiastic over the idea and agreed to take the job.

Five years later, the Gingerbread Castle was completed. The cost was over \$250,000.

Visitors to The Gingerbread Castle exclaim over it for the walls look exactly as if they were made of gingerbread and the roof as if it were made of frosted sugar.

The animal cracker balustrades lead upward to a plump pudding grille and to candy cane towers and cake icing turrets.

Inside there is Humpty Dumpty sitting on his wall, and Prince Charming riding on his prancing charger.

The spitting black cat stands guard over the castle from a high turret and the wise old owl watches everyone through his unblinking yellow eyes.



Gingerbread Castle

THEN THERE IS the house of the old lady "who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

In the cellar of the castle is the Witch's Trophy room, and up a winding staircase in the main hall there are "Hansel and Gretel."

In this room gingerbread cookies, stud the walls, there are peppermint sticks and win-dows made of multi-colored candles.

Miss Muffet's spider dangles from a thread in his high web high up in the turret.

Many other fairy tale characters are there, too, to delight the thousands and thousands of children who visit Gingerbread Castle each year.

Visitors often say that this fairyland is a fitting monument to the man who loves children so much he wanted to satisfy their fairy tale imaginations.

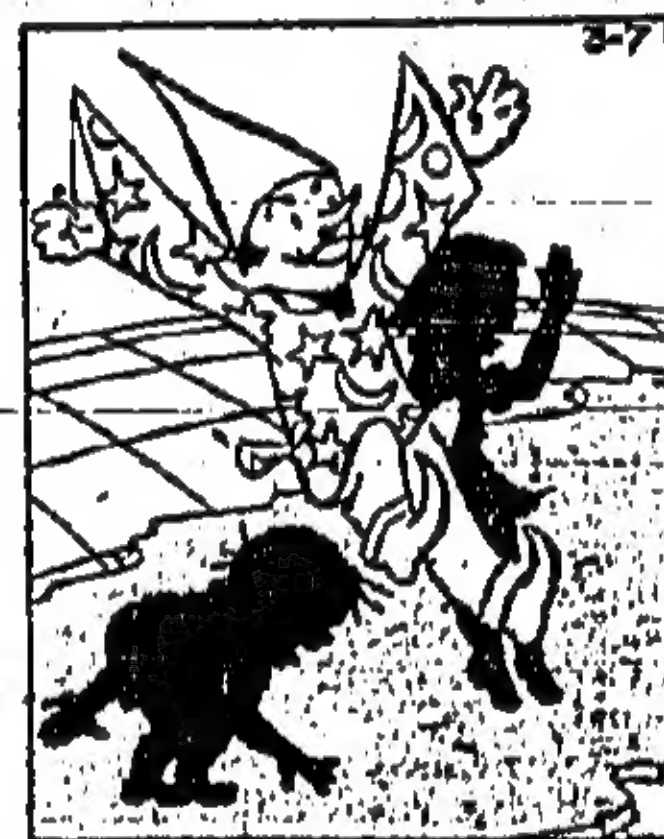
It is one of the most unusual ways any person has ever chosen to say: "I love children."

—EVELYN WITTER

Quick Trip To Australia

—Mr. Merlin Took Knarf and Hand There and Back—

By MAX TRELL



THERE were footsteps from behind the bookcase and by and by Mr. Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, came walking out, followed by Knarf and Hand, the Shadow Children with the Turned-About-Names.

"But I tell you I'm going to Australia," Mr. Merlin said, in a voice that sounded as if he had said it a dozen times before.

"Please, Mr. Merlin," said Hand, "How can you go to Australia and be back in time for lunch? It's impossible."

"You've only got half an hour," said Knarf.

Many Miles Away "Australia's thousands of miles away," said Hand.

Mr. Merlin waited in silence until the two Shadow Children had finished objecting. He put his two suitcases down on the floor and looked at his wrist watch.

"Yes," he said presently, "we've just got a half-hour to go to Australia and be back again."

Knarf and Hand both let out a shout of surprise.

"We? You mean we're going with you?" asked Knarf.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't," Mr. Merlin replied. "When that he reached into his pocket and took out two tiny suitcases no bigger than match-boxes. In a second, however, they grew to the size of ordinary suitcases. He handed one suitcase to Hand and the other to Knarf."

Ready To Leave "All right," he said to them, "We're ready to leave for Australia. Where's that big geography book?"

"It's in the bookcase," said Hand.

She pointed to the big geography book that was standing at the end of the bottom shelf. Mr. Merlin went over to the bookcase and laid the geography book on the floor. He opened it to the page with the map of Australia. Then he did a very strange thing!

He took Knarf and Hand by the hand, "Jump!" he said.

Through The Sky They all jumped into the air and came down on the map of Australia—at least it seemed to be the map. But Knarf and Hand had the strange feeling of floating through the sky in a balloon.

Down they came with a little bump.

Merlin and the Shadows came down with a bump.

Suddenly an animal came hopping toward them. It looked like an enormous Rabbit.

"Kangaroo!" cried Knarf. The Kangaroo sprang past them. As it did so, it nodded its head as though to say: "Welcome to Australia!"

They walked along a road. They saw huge trees.

"Gum trees!" said Mr. Merlin. "Gum trees!" said Mr. Merlin.

They saw strange birds and strange flowers. At length, they reached a town.

"The name of this town is Sydney," said Mr. Merlin. "All the people in Australia speak English. Well, I guess it's time we went home. We don't want to be late for lunch, you know."

So they went into a library, got a big geography book, laid it on the floor and opened it to the map of the United States. Then they all took hands and jumped. They came sailing down into their own room again, just as lunch was being served.

"I never thought you could go to Australia and be back in time for lunch," Hand said to Mr. Merlin.

"Tut-tut," said Mr. Merlin. "I'm a Magnificent Magician. I can do almost everything—except eat lunch. Even a Magnificent Magician can't eat when he's not hungry."

After his outburst the old Professor lifted Rupert on to a chair and gazed at him silently for a long time.

"I wonder if you hate this noisy world as much as I do," little bear, he says at length. "And I wonder if you would like to help me. Now that my magic act is over."

In Memory Of Two Brave Boys

PERHAPS the only incident of record where a public school observes memorial services commemorating the heroism and sacrifice of two small boys, is in Omaha, Neb.

It is an annual event attended by prominent people, judges, officers of civic organizations and hundreds of friends and students who have long since graduated from the school.

The incident thus honoured dates back to a blustery cold morning, at 5 a.m. on Feb. 21, 1928.

Young Melvin Robbins, 9, and his brother Charles, 11, were awakened by the smell of smoke. The boys' father, Floral A. Robbins, had left for work more than an hour before for his job as a trolley conductor.

Dashing out of bed, the boys found the kitchen in flames. Acting automatically to the oft-repeated statement of their father, "Always remember, boys, Mother comes first in everything," they ran through the thick of the long red tongues of flame to reach their invalid mother's bedroom off the kitchen.



Melvin and Charles broke a window, hoisted their mother out and carried her to safety.

Their night clothes were ablaze, yet the youngsters worked feverishly, ignoring the pain. Quickly, a window was broken and their mother carefully hoisted outside where she was half-dragged and half carried to a neighbour's house to safety.

The wind had whipped the flames devouring the boys' clothing to a mad inferno. Their mission completed, they both collapsed.

Melvin died a few hours later in an Omaha hospital, but Charles, contrary to doctors' prediction, recovered to carry on alone.

Melvin's funeral had the largest attendance of any funeral in Omaha's history. Hundreds of citizens' hearts had been touched by the heroism and sacrifice of this 9-year-old.

There were memorial services too at the South Franklin School where the two boys had attended. The school board in an unprecedented action immediately changed the school's name from South Franklin to Robbins School.

Sadly, tragedy struck the Robbins again. Charles was killed by an auto while riding in a new coaster wagon. This was just two days before Christmas, less than a year after Melvin had died.

Mrs. Robbins lived several years before she died. There is no one left but the father, yet year after year, Robbins School observes memorial services, commemorating the heroism and sacrifice of the two Robbins boys.

WATT'S NEW?

Teacher: What did Franklin say when he discovered 'electricity in lightning'?
Pupil: Nothing. He was too shocked.

Rupert and the Silent Land—11



After his outburst the old Professor lifted Rupert on to a chair and gazed at him silently for a long time.

"I wonder if you hate this noisy world as much as I do," little bear, he says at length. "And I wonder if you would like to help me. Now that my magic act is over."

SATURDAY, APRIL 19

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 20

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

"Don't put it off another day! This is the year for colour TV"

by Beachcomber

Loneliness, 11 Colleges, 12 Warm, 13 Behave, 14 Deceive, 15
22 Save-boys, 24 Colander, 25 Record, 26 Olympiad, 27 Do
Brick, 2 Scale, 3 Alleged, 4 Sing, 5 Ones, 6 Thomas, 7 P
10 Needy, 14 Nomad, 15 Severed, 16 Stucco, 17 Trully
Corot, 21 A-side, 22 Snap, 23 Vera.

Duck Assures Making Contract

By OSWALD JACOBY

1 TOWELLING towing town twag
 2 20 2011 Carbo Bivros wall twined
 3 twining want wife 4441 twined twine
 4 want twine.

**A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS**

11-11-68

THE Journey in today's Darwinian world is a struggle from a WENSLEYDALE to a WENSLEYDALE. You should reach the penial HICK-UM. You should arrange the other 48 words in the circle in the same way and the relationship between the words will be next to it is governed by one of six rules.

(1) It may be the anagram of the word that precedes it.

(2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.

(3) It may be found by adding or subtracting one letter from or changing one letter in the preceding word.

(4) It may be associated with the preceding word by simile, metaphor, or association of ideas.

(5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well known person, place, or thing.

ACROSS	DOWN
1 Dan? (8)	1 Served by apprentices, perhaps (8)
4 Introduced us to her (5).	2 Service militator (5).
7 Container for a beverage (5).	3 Black (4).
8 Nautical skill? (5).	5 Moved the shoulders (8).
10 Cabbage king (4).	6 Went out (8).
12 Meeting marica (7).	9 More exposed (5).
14 Make really wild (5).	11 Got into a muddle (3).
15 Sung by the merry, presumably (4).	12 Vocal purport (5).
17 Do some literary work (4).	13 Geometrical figures (8).
18 Staircase column (5).	14 Export in drift? (5).
20 A member of Congress, maybe (7).	15 Submits to another (6).
	22 Children's pastime (4).
1 A sound (4).	
23 Grass edging (5).	
24 Big Power (6).	
25 It's worth having (5).	
26 Undergarment (10).	

By **LEONARD BARDEN**

From actual play; White move and win.

Solution No 538a: 1 Q-Q4 (threat 2 Q-Q5), P-B4; Kt-Q5, or Kt-Q3; 2 Kt-K4 or R-K6; 2 Q-B5, or K-K2 ? Q-Q4.

London Express Service

[illegible]

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